25TH

LANTERN

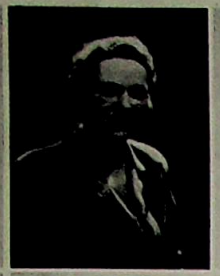
SUCCESS

Secretarial College and School of Accounting

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

"Success" sends Greetings, Congratulations, and Best Wishes to the students and Faculty of Bedford Road Collegiate, and trusts that our pleasant associations of the past may continue.

L. F. FURSE,
Principal.



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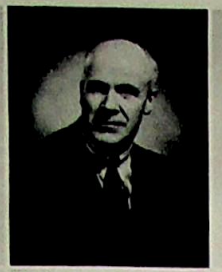

Mr. J. R. MacKay, Principal

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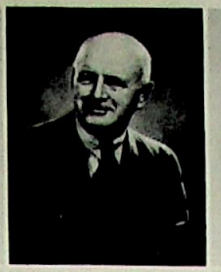
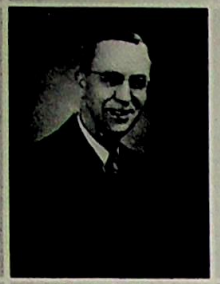


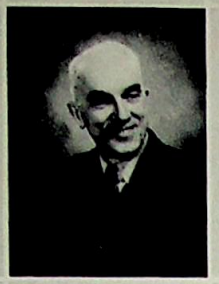
Mr. J. H. MacLennan, Vice-Principal

Mrs. H. Burton

Mrs. R. Morgan



Mr. A. S. Ellis



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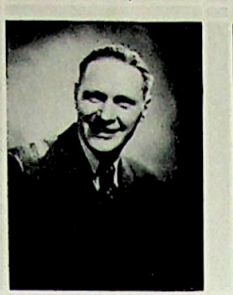

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Mr. A. S. Hammersley

Mr. H. C. Reesor

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Miss L. McGregor

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Mr. R. C. Tufts

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Mr. J. Farrell

Mrs. J. Rennie (secretary)

To the Graduates of the School this book is affectionately dedicated

THE LANTERN

Edited and published by the Students of Bedford Road Collegiate
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Vol. XXII | May, 1948 | No. 1

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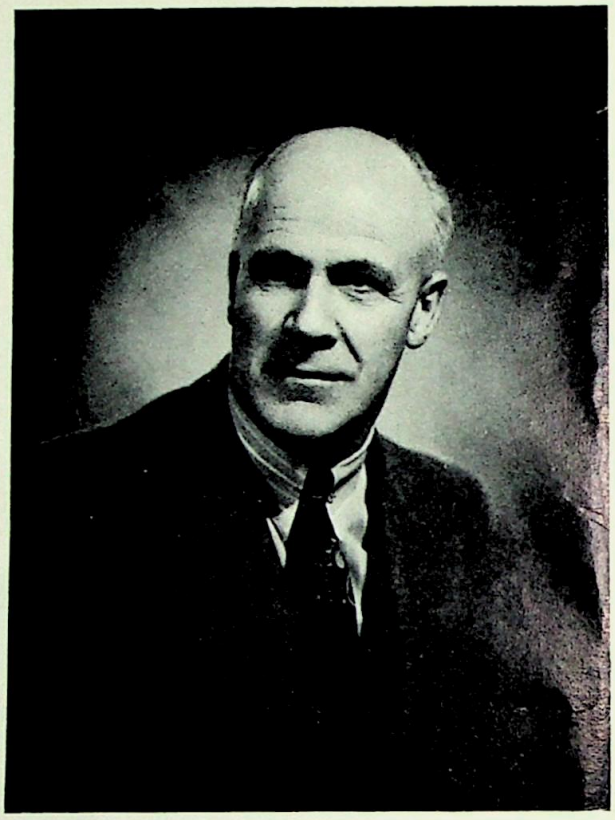


A Message from the Principal

CONGRATULATIONS, Lantern staff, on the quality of your anniversary number! It represents a big job, well done. It chronicles in story and picture a notable occasion in the history of Bedford Road Collegiate.

Bedford Road may look back with justifiable pride on its accomplishments over the past twenty-five years. Its graduates have won recognition in many phases of our national life. In professional work, in commercial enterprises and in research laboratories our students have taken their parts. In a global war they have rallied in a magnificent fashion to the service of the democratic way of life, and in the simpler, but vastly more difficult, tasks of plain citizenship they have not been found wanting.

Let us look forward to the future with a confidence that matches our pride in past achievements. The future of the world is uncertain, the problems which confront us are formidable, but we may be sure of this: those tasks which lie ahead require the same qualities of human character for their accomplishment as did the tasks which confronted earlier graduates of this school: courage, fortitude, resourcefulness, faith in the high destiny of the human race, the will to do and to dare, self-discipline and reverence toward God and Man. To the extent that this school succeeds in inculcating these qualities of character, and to this extent only, shall we be able to say that we have achieved.

EDITORIALS

A Message from Our Vice-Principal

IT HAS BEEN SAID that "one's school days are the happiest days of one's life," and with most people this has been true. How does one account for this? Perhaps it may be explained by the fact that when a student leaves high school he is, in most cases, at an age when he is about due to leave the parental roof, to fend for himself and face the realities of life; he must then earn his own livelihood; he must endeavor to live a purposeful life and he must do it on his own initiative. He finds that life and living take on new aspects, new obstacles are to be overcome, new responsibilities present themselves and greater sacrifices must be made.

'Tis then he looks back at his school days and only then does he realize what he but slightly realized before—that his parents had provided for his livelihood; his food, shelter and clothing; they had provided him with books, sports equipment, etc.; they had wakened him in the morning in time to provide him with some nourishment before going to school; they provided a noon meal for him; fed him again in the evening and probably gave him an allowance or at least an opportunity to enjoy some form of entertainment at night. They had been assuming these responsibilities and more, while the student was vaguely aware of the situation and probably less interested.

With this lack of responsibility, the student was free to enjoy himself to the full, restricted only by such habits, customs or traditions as were prevalent in his environment and guided mostly by the popular conception of what was proper and what was otherwise. Under such circumstances how could any student be other than happy? I don't think it could be otherwise. The teachers of Bedford Road Collegiate Institute trust you have enjoyed, or are still enjoying, your school days and hope you have profited well.

But the question arises: Have you learned to accept the responsibility for your own happiness as well as for that of your parents and others in the years that lie ahead? To be suddenly transferred from a situation of complete dependence has dangerous tendencies and unless preparation has been made for such a transfer, grave and tragic results may occur.

Here again the school enters the picture. While it does provide for a happy and profitable sojourn of four years of one's life, it also provides for the opportunity to assume responsibilities, small at the beginning but increasingly large as the months and years pass by. If a student trains himself to accept these in his school days he is the better prepared to meet them in adult life and then, in greater measure, will the happiness of adult life be ensured.

A Letter from Our First Principal

2783 East 45th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.
February 10, 1948.

Mr. J. R. McKay, Principal,
Bedford Road Collegiate,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Dear Mr. McKay:

I was very pleased to receive your letter saying that Bedford was going to repeat the Dedication ceremony of March, 1923. This will be a fitting introduction to the second quarter century of its history.

In looking back over the past quarter century of its career, I often feel that individually our contributions may have been small, but in the aggregate they must have been considerable since Bedford attained a position second to none in the province. We were indeed fortunate in attracting to our staff many outstanding men and women. Moreover, we had an excellent student body—co-operative, industrious, and, in many cases, of outstanding ability, but, above all, intensely loyal to our school. It was this combination of staff and students that did so much for Bedford.

You and your staff can review with a just pride the accomplishments of the first quarter century—accomplishments, a portion of which we, who are now the alumni, were a part.

Looking into the future, I can see the ever-unfolding Calendar of Time disclosing March, 1973, when even greater accomplishments of the second quarter century will pass in review, many of which accomplishments were initiated by that band of some five hundred devoted teachers and loyal, enthusiastic students who, on that memorable morning in March, 1923, dedicated their best to the newborn Bedford Road.

Today as the curtain falls on the review of the first quarter century of its already not inglorious career, I join with thousands of other grateful alumni in saying "Well done, Bedford Road."

Sincerely yours,
J. A. Speers.

History of the School

FRIDAY, March 29, 1923, marked the formal opening of Bedford Road Collegiate Institute. Actually the classes began in February and under the leadership of the principal, J. A. Spears, and an enthusiastic staff of teachers the new collegiate was away to a good start. Only three of the original teachers now remain on the staff: J. H. MacLennan, now vice-principal, H. M. Fisher and F. J. Macdonald.

During the years that followed, numerous changes occurred in the teaching staff. Some have entered other occupations and some have passed away. From the original staff the following are deceased: Miss Cora M. Miller, H. Hewitt, P. E. C. Ecob and Murray Tweedle. Other members were: R. N. Anderson, J. L. McKinnon, Miss Jean Dickson, Miss Kathleen Prescott, Mrs. H. M. Cunningham, R. V. Humphries and A. B. Ross.

The formal opening was featured by a forenoon ceremony in the room now occupied by the school library. The Rev. J. L. Nichol, chairman of the Collegiate Board, presided and Messrs. C. P. Seeley, John East, and Dr. John Valens, members of the board, were on the platform along with the principal. The Rev. Wm. Askey, rector of Christ Church, had charge of dedicating the colors of the school. It was a solemn and impressive moment when the whole student body rose to affirm their loyalty to the red and white. Mr. Speers then presented the well-known school flag of red and white satin.

(*Continued on Page* 70)

The School Mag.

THE VAST AMOUNT of time-consuming work that goes into the production of *The Lantern* is never fully appreciated until one has worked a term on it. As we can never hope to place everyone on our staff, the following will give an idea of what goes into the planning of a "mag":

The word "mag" is a friendly term one gets to call the yearbook after working a while on it, and one may hear it many times a day in the composing rooms. It is here, once we have secured the material, that the real work begins. The reports of the different clubs, activities, sports, etc., as they come in are first checked for accuracy, spelling, punctuation and grammar errors and then passed on to the typists who this year number five (four of whom used the two-finger devil-may-care system). Once this tremendous amount of tedious work is completed, the work must then be rechecked for the above mentioned errors and then sorted into the different sections where it is hoped they will remain once and for all.

It is from here on that the work really gets difficult and it is here also that the "dummy book" makes its appearance. This "dummy" is merely a glorified copy scribbler with a thyroid condition. The outside is of grey blotter material and the insides of about 100 pages of newsprint. This year we used two of these in setting up the book, one of which in its completed form is rushed down to our publishers (I like that word immensely, is seems to give us a sophisticated and magazine-of-the-world air).

We then have to plan how we want the different sections to appear. Our advertisements (a very important part of any "mag") must be spaced so that they do not all run together and to leave room for jokes and continuations; our pictures must be placed in coherence with their writeups and the lines of all the sections counted to see that they fall into the space allotted.

For class pictures, we must make sure that the notes fit, that the pictures are all spaced and glued on cardboard and that we have the correct names for the pictures. Then we are through and have only to wait for the Editor to write his editorials.

While all this confusion is gradually sending the teachers and students alike to the "happy farm," we have but one thought in the back of our minds:

(*continued on page* 74)

Pioneer Influences

on the Development of Saskatchewan

by Stan Harbin

WITH BEDFORD ROAD CELEBRATING its twenty-fifth anniversary, it is as good a time as any to think of some more general points of origin in the development of Saskatchewan.

First of all, let us have a brief look around us and take stock of our possessions. What can Saskatchewan boast? What has transpired in the last fifty years within the borders of our province? One has only to look and he sees thriving cities with up-to-date transportation and communication systems, fine buildings, healthy industries, and educational institutions that rank among the best in the world. As one travels beyond city limits along one of the broad highways or on one of the numerous railways, he sees on all sides as far as the eye can reach, sweeping farmlands, our chief source of wealth. It is difficult to believe that less than one hundred years ago this was a virgin land, unravished by the white man. Here dwelt only the red man—lord of all he surveyed. I could describe indefinitely this Saskatchewan of ours; however, I want to deal chiefly with the people who made all this possible. I refer, of course, to those hardy pioneers who braved the many hardships that were encountered in sowing the seed of our western civilization.

It is impossible to deal with the many races which established colonies in our fair province; I have, therefore, chosen one colony of settlers, the one with which I am most familiar, as an example, and I will thereby attempt to give you an account of the various aspects of pioneer life.

In April, 1903, the Barr Colony, consisting of approximately two thousand people, men, women

and children, was camped on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, here in Saskatoon. All were housed in bell tents. Fortunately the weather was fine, and although they had been delayed for two weeks, all were in a jovial mood. The camp resembled a large picnic gathering. Many of the men carried revolvers, and all without exception owned either a shot-gun or a rifle. Possibly they had anticipated Indian trouble, or maybe they had been told weird stories of ferocious animals.

This all-English colony was planning to trek to the place where Lloydminster today stands. To reach this goal, some two hundred miles of rough, uninhabited land had to be crossed. All were inexperienced with oxen and horses, and the implements which they had secured were strange to them. As a result, many accidents occurred on the trek, and numerous animals died due to improper care on the part of their masters. Spring snows and rains resulted in a great deal of discomfort. Nevertheless these embryo settlers kept up their gallant spirits and plodded on toward their goal.

Unlimited credit is due the women in this colony. Although city-born for the most part, their courage and resourcefulness was unbelievable and was undoubtedly one of the main factors in the success of the colony.

My father, who was one of those early settlers, often used to relate incidents which arose in pioneering life, incidents that were both humorous and heartwarming. I remember in particular one story that he told about the oxen: "A beastly habit," as he referred to it. This habit was due, of course, to overworking the oxen or else a neglect of regular watering. The result was that when the bovines caught sight of a pond, they would rush into it, and nothing would stop them. No serious mishaps resulted, however, and although the oxen are gone, their unyielding stubbornness lives on as a fond memory of many of the old pioneers.

Finally the goal was reached, and there was a mad scramble for homesteads. Men worked feverishly in order to prepare for winter. Shacks were built—some out of sod, but mostly out of logs. Crude foundations of rock were used. Nearly all managed to break a few acres of ground that first summer, and all managed to build sheds for their animals.

(*continued on page* 82)

The Lantern

(*Contributed*)

I REMEMBER receiving my first copy of the school magazine. It was distributed after four, one day, at the west entrance, to a crowd of noisy boys (we were not co-educational in 1A then) who milled about impatiently on the steps and the clay bank of the then unplanted approaches. We were eager to have this unique thing, the first B.R.C.I. paper, to which 1A had contributed the name via Clare Hume (now principal of the School for the Deaf). It was something new under the sun; like everything else at Bedford, done for the first time.

This unnamed paper was not strictly the first school magazine. In the spring of 1923, Nutana and Bedford had produced a joint issue of the Hermes under the editorship of Frances Collier. This was our beginning but it was not entirely our own. In the fall of 1923 the first independent Bedford magazine appeared in response to urgent demands and in spite of great difficulties. Violet Morgan, chief associate editor of 1924, wrote, in retrospect: "The school had no magazine; neither did it have the wherewithal, by way of money, ever to hope of having one. However, what was lacking in a pecuniary way was amply made up by ambition and evident talent. It was amid depressing trials and discouragements that the first magazine was run off, sans a name, on the mimeograph in the office! It may be safely said that those present will not forget that particular occasion for a long time." A competition was held to accomplish the christening and the second number of the magazine appeared as *The Spark*, a "name which suggests activity, life, originality and many other attributes which should surround a school paper," as a later editorial remarks. This *Spark* was mimeographed in two numbers with pale blue-green paper covers, and a third number was printed as a souvenir issue at the end of the school year. It cleared the debt incurred by the joint Hermes and justified the enthusiasm which went into its production. Its cover carried a photograph of the school, the date, June 1924, and the title. It appeared with the earnest wish "that no gap will occur in the history of *The Spark*, and that it will be an annual publication always fostered by the students." The leading editorial quoted J. M. Barrie's excellent advice, "Go through life without ever ascribing to an opponent motives meaner than your own." Another editorial looked with the buoyancy of youth to the time when "in more prosperous days, we have our own printing machine."

In the following year, 1925, the students voted for a change of name, and as a result the next editor is able to write: "The *Lantern* we are, and hope ever to remain, symbolizing in our magazine the spirit of the B.R.C.I. which cannot fail to communicate itself to every student who ascends the steps to the doorways with the quaint lantern hanging over them." The new name was one of those rare bits of good fortune, because the lantern is an integral part of the school building; it is an excellent symbol of the school's significance; and it is easily conventionalized into a compact, decorative design which has made it in time the chief insignia of B.R.C.I. It was a most happy choice, the very stuff on which tradition feeds.

The covers of the following issues show a growing confidence in the use of this symbol. At first it was difficult to break away from realism and that uncertainty showed in such designs as an inn with a lantern over the door and an arch through which one looked out into the street of the world past a hanging lantern. By 1929 the magazine had achieved a good usable symbol and an excellent cover, the second important stage of development. The third stage was the adoption, in 1931, of a purely conventional design in combination with the school's red and white color scheme. In this form the Lantern is indebted to Ted Jones whose design appealed because of its "bold, daring lines." In it the now familiar conventionalized lantern appeared in red and white and served the school's needs, with two exceptions, until 1941, when a simpler and bolder design by Ruth Verner replaced it. The two exceptions were the depression year of 1933, and the Coronation year of 1937, for which latter an excellent design was prepared and the lantern disappeared in favor of a much broader symbolism, the crown.

The thin years of the depression were not able to bar publication of the Lantern but they broke the continuity of name and format. In 1933 the first Lanternette announced a new policy of retrenchment which was followed until 1936 when the Lantern was restored.

The issue of 1933 is something of which the school may be proud. It was mimeographed in its entirety and so contained no pictures; it had no literary material; and it had a mimeographed cover. So much for its weaknesses. But the mimeographing was well done, the cover was in excellent taste, the whole is a tribute to the courage and imagination of the students of those grim days, and, incredibly, the scope was actually expanded in some ways until it became almost a fortnightly newspaper. This Lanternette of 1933 was an ample return for the effort that went into the first school magazine of 1924 and it maintained an unbroken tradition of publication, a fine accomplishment. The succeeding Lanternettes were printed, though they were small, and they returned to the cover of 1931. The Lantern reappeared in its present form in 1936.

This school magazine has traditionally stressed its function as a record of student activities. It has contained literary material, excellent at times, but its chief effort has been to record the various lively activities of the school year. Its success in so doing was vividly brought home to the writer recently. When a committee planning the anniversary activities of this year asked Mr. John L. McKinnon to write the school's history, his first query was whether the back issues of the Lantern were available. In fulfilling this function of recording the passing years the Lantern becomes a useful community project as well as a school magazine, for it is also a part of that various and general accumulation and recording of the life of the community which is eventually the history of our times and our place. It reflects already, as no text book could, the optimism of the late 'twenties, the grim depression which succeeded, the recent world war, the growth of sports, changing tastes, developing independence, the accomplishments of twenty-five years of youth on the move. Long may it flourish!

Twenty-Five Years

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS is a long time, be it in the life of a school, an individual or in the pages of history. This, our year of celebration of 25 years of leadership in the field of education, is an excellent time to look back over the pages in which time has written.

Bedford's opening, in the spring of 1923, provoked no great excitement around the world, but it did make the blood flow faster in the hearts and veins of the young who went to make up its first scholars. In the same year, radio was still being nursed by its parents, Marconi and DeForest; talking pictures were all the rage and Saskatoon was still at the height of the boom which followed the First Great War.

The years 1924 to 1930 put Saskatoon on the map of the world what with a university, a population of 30,000 and a radio station of fully 50 watts.

During this time Bedford had continued silently in her task, sending forth citizens of the world to the world, who carried with them humbleness, pride, dignity, kindness, all the virtues of the lordly that went to make the character of the school.

The coming of 1930, however, brought to her depression, drought and worry, all of which went to make her task all the more difficult. It took from her all chances to give to her students the superior type of education that she wished to give, but it also impressed upon her charges the need for learning and co-operation in the world.

The depression had left its indelible mark upon the youth of the land. The Coronation of a new King and his lovely lady was just over when the black, terrifying clouds of war again struck the land and sucked into its dark ranks the youth of the school, 53 of which never returned. Her buildings and students in the service of the country, she made a valiant attempt to carry on, that the hope of the world would not suffer from lack of knowledge.

Now she stands at the crossroads again in the midst of a world possessed with fear of another war, wracked with ruin and starvation and suffering as never before.

Notes and Comments

ONCE MORE the members of the *Lantern* staff are extending their appreciation and thanks to all those who have worked so faithfully on this the 25th Lantern. To this show of appreciation I too would like to say "Thanks" to the staff who have toiled so diligently and loyally with me. Now

that the book has gone to press and our work is through once more, we leave it to you to judge whether the book has kept up with the high standards set forth in previous editions.

We are once more indebted to our advertisers who have stood by us in the last quarter century. Their continued support has helped to make this not only a fine collegiate magazine but also a worthy community project. Our only hope is that we will be able to serve them as well in the future as we have in the past.

The Lantern Box which is firmly anchored in the lower hall, has again yielded a fruitful harvest. To our many contributors we would like to show our deepest appreciation, for without your help our work would have been impossible. To the joker who placed the two bars of laundry soap in the box, we only hope that we have kept the magazine clean enough to suit you. Our joke editor found real need for it in her section.

To Mr. Rashley (who did so much typing for our "mag" and who spent so many long hours planning it) and to Mr. Manning for his aid in the business end of it, we also say a very sincere "Thank you". Without the long hours that you spent with us over the Easter holidays, we would never have finished.

A big welcome also goes out to the newcomers to our teaching staff, Miss MacGregor, Mr. Rashley and Mr. Tufts who, we fear, will be going back to City Park. Mr. Rashley was a teacher here for many years and also a former student of Ye Olde B.R.C.I. Another event in his life this year was the birth of a bouncing baby boy he calls Charles. Congratulations to you and your wife, Mr. Rashley.

Missing from the school this year are Mr. Farrell and Mr. Ellis, both of whom were granted sabbatical leave last year. Mr. Farrell is in New York studying drama at the present time while Mr. Ellis is at the West Coast. We hope to welcome them both back again next year.

Missing also about Christmas time from around Room 24 was Mr. Dyck, who had the misfortune to break his leg. The details are none too clear as yet as to how it happened, but you have our sympathy anyway.

Another feature around the school which had been missing for several years is our orchestra. Mr. Tufts was its organizer this year, and, if we may say so, has done a wonderful job on it. Our congratulations to both you and the orchestra, Mr. Tufts.

Another bit of praise should go to Mr. McEown and his senior boys' basketball team for the splendid name they have made for themselves in the world of sport. After having won the intercollegiate and northern titles, they hope to go on to capture the provincial title in the very near future. The hopes of the school are on you fellows. Good luck!

A weekly little sister to the *Lantern* which has been functioning for the past years in Bedford is the local scandal sheet commonly called the *Bulletin*. Under Marlene Lathey's lively and riotous leadership it has developed into an absolute necessity around the school this year. Thanks a lot, Marlene, for the humor and life you have brought each week into our school.

A shadow of gloom was cast over the school just before Christmas with the passing of Mr. Pat Morgan, of Nutana Collegiate. A warm friend, beloved by all his students, his passing has left a vacancy within the school that will never be filled. To Mrs. Morgan we extend the condolences and sympathy of the entire collegiate.

A great deal of thanks is due to those who have made our 25th anniversary celebrations such a success. To the myriads of students who put in long hours of after-school time decorating the halls, the classrooms and the gym, there is an abundance of gratitude due. The halls so gaily decorated in fancy reds and whites, will long be remembered by those who attended the celebrations.

To the Home and School Club also goes a great deal of thanks for their instructive meetings and for the way they handled the tea that Wednesday afternoon. Their work is always greatly appreciated around the school.

To our teachers who have been so understanding, patient, and generous with their time and talents, we are sincerely grateful. Though we may be slow to realize what our associations with you have meant in our years at school, we will, I am sure, remember and cherish them in the future.

Also may we remember and hold dear to our hearts this, our yearbook—*The Lantern*.

The Doors

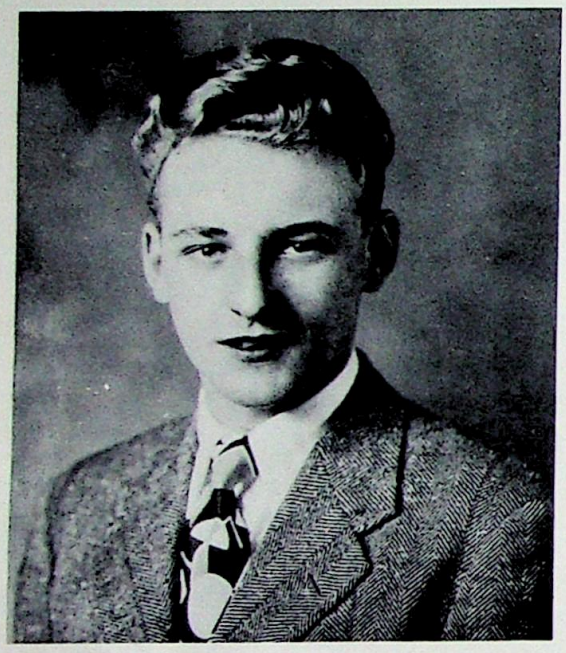
We are the Doors. Beyond us lie
Vision and Power. Short days ago
You entered us, and now you go
To worlds untried.

Before your eyes may sunshine spill
In golden rain. If shadows fill
Your sky, have you not learned
Lessons. Life's alchemy has turned
To power to beautify the years?

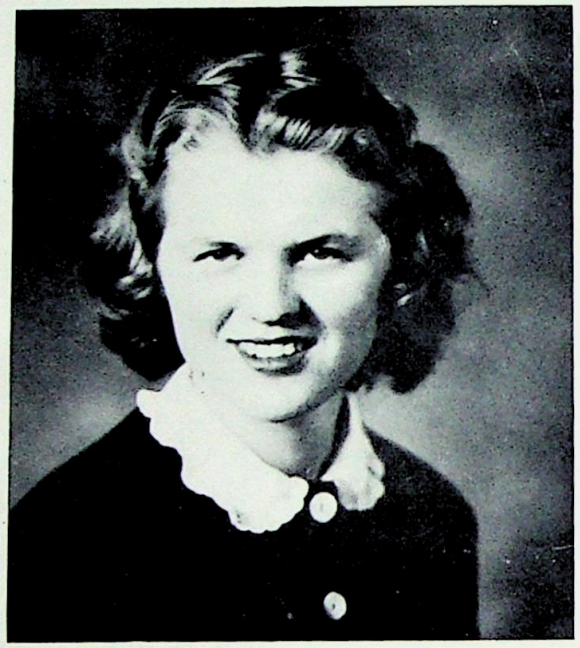
To you in Future's play
A part is given. Be your horizons wide,
Look up! If you have learned to hide
Your grief in drying others' tears,
We rest content.

Gladys Lindgren, 4B, 1926.

Our School Leaders



STAN RIDDELL



HELEN SHERSTOBITOFF

A FLOOD OF MEMORIES rushes to our minds, and we cannot help but feel a sort of sadness as we bid farewell to Bedford.

These memories bring back the four years with joys and sorrows. The joys are something we will recall many times over while the sorrows are tucked away with a lesson learned. Our victories are memorable, our defeats not to be forgotten, for these defeats made us put forth a greater effort for the Red and White.

This year being the twenty-fifth anniversary of our school, the students and staff arranged a program which was carried out with great success. Graduates from all years, '23 to '47, were present, with the loyalty inspired at Bedford, for Bedford, still evident. It arouses in us, as present students, pride in belonging to a collegiate which has given to so many such a sound foundation.

To the teachers we extend our sincerest appreciation for the guidance that they have given us both inside and outside the classroom. It will prove to be one of our greatest assets when we step out into the world.

As our senior year draws to a close, we would like to say "Thanks" once again to the students and staff for their wholehearted support and for making this, our last year at Bedford, such a happy and successful one.

Helen Sherstobitoff.
Stan Riddell.

LITERARY

Twilight Time

Lynette Blanchard, 4A, 1947-48

THE NIGHT WAS CALM. The sun had left a golden trace of its path against the velvety blue of the evening sky. There were a few rosy baby clouds dotted here and there, and far in the west the evening star shone like some precious jewel. The road was wide and cool, fringed with tall green poplars whose boughs bent across to form an exquisite lacy arch above. The air was fresh. A soft whispering breeze drifted lazily along. This, together with the sweet music of the birds' evening carols, were the only sounds of the peaceful night.

I wandered down this rustic lane thinking dreamily of what would happen if I could understand what the breeze was saying to the trees. Oh, if I could only understand the great language of nature. As I wandered dreamily along, it seemed suddenly as though I heard voices—faintly at first, then growing stronger and clearer. Suddenly I came upon a quaint little bridge which crossed over a quaint little brook. I paused and seated myself on the railing. Now the voices could be heard very plainly.

"Oh, what a busy day," I heard a soft, silvery-toned voice whisper from somewhere, yet seemingly from nowhere.

"It's been a lovely day, hasn't it? Oh, gentle winds, if only everything were as peaceful all over the world as it is here. Everything would be perfect then, wouldn't it? The world is such a beautiful place in the springtime. I love seeing our friends return from their long winter solitude. Echo came to visit me today. I was so happy to see her," the tall, graceful poplar which stood on the bank of the brook replied.

"She's the most elusive of the forest nymphs, isn't she? I always love to watch her run laughingly over the hills while those poor mortals listen longingly for her reply to their wistful cries. I sometimes feel so sorry for people, for though we can understand their language, only a few can understand ours."

"Yes," the poplar replied, "I feel that way too; so does Echo and the other forest folk."

There was a lull in the conversation. Soon the breeze began to play a sweet, mystical melody which lulled the birds to sleep in their warm nests. The night became quiet once more.

Then a bright little star appeared winking coyly, just at the corner of the crescent moon. It twinkled so brightly and sent out such happy little star sprites to light the lamps of the heavens that even the

(*Continued on page 80*)

Inspiration . . . I Wonder

Gordon Babineau, 1939-40

WHO in the furies of Satan's Stygian tunnels dared to say, "Inspiration comes to he who strives?" Frankly, I would like to shoot the dastardly cheat who is responsible for the statement.

By definition inspiration comes to one like a thunderbolt. A connection is clicked on the old brain socket which flashes a bulb and brings to one marvellous enlightenment. Usually the birth of a masterpiece of art or literature is the result. Well, in my search for the enlightenment I didn't exactly get what the doctor ordered. I had reached the stage where I had begun to tear my hair and perform dubious manouevering of my awkward appendages. How was I to know an ink bottle reposed serenely in proximity to the table's edge and within striking distance? Something hit me alright, (the thunderbolt simile still goes) but it wasn't inspiration. It was my Mater. The inkstain might be called a masterpiece. It was—so far as ink stains are concerned.

During the welcome relief of Christmas holidays your truly decided to do his Lantern writing early. For three days I sweated and swore, for three days I scribbled and scuttled, for three days I—but then I'd had enough for me. "Inspiration comes to he who strives." Bah! I went out and squandered my wealth on some good shows and ended the festive season with a bang-up bust with the boys. I'll never forget that New Year's Frolic!

Ye Yuletide over, I surveyed the fruits of my striving. Item one: several sheets of most peculiar strokes and streaks, the work of my pen absently moving while I waited for the light to come. As yet I haven't found a market for the sheets, but have considered surrealism. Item two. a pocket light as air. No wonder. That's all it had in it. Item Three: a most delectable headache. I still haven't decided whether it was the first three days or the last night. This is what a belief in the doctrine of inspiration brought a simple trustful heart. Nonetheless I would not be daunted. Heedless of how cruelly I had bee nstung, I nobly raised my head to the tempest of the ensuing term. I gazed ahead to the horizon of hope that may be the blame for inspiration not coming lay in myself. Perhaps I had not worked hard enough!

Time passed on. Exams appeared on the dark curtain of the future, proceeded to become an equally dark present, then disappeared into the doubtful darkness of the past. At last the oasis of the Easter Reprieve hove in view. By this time my

(*Continued on page 79*)

Pro Patria

The glistening snow,
The keen, cool breeze
The filmy clouds and murmuring breeze,
The sparkling frost,—
Clear sky above
Are the things I know and the things I love.

You talk of your warm;
Lackadaisical days,
Your langorous sun and deep heavy haze.
Your baked white heat
Your sultry blaze—
The things you adore, the things you praise.
But the soft white calm
Of a winter's morn
Have belonged to me since I was born.
These are the things
Time can't remove.
These are the things I know and love.

Clarice Sawatsky, 4D, 1948

To . . . ?

Night has fallen!
No longer can I check the passions
Fettered in my heart's fortress,
They burst the bonds with their straining,
And I am powerless
Against their upward surge to freedom.

By day,
The whip of self-control
Keeps them in cowering subservience:
But now this hopeless adoration
Proclaims its presence in my blood
And cries aloud to all the gods there be.

There is no mercy shown to such as I:
Forced to exist alone, thus shall I die.

Kate Wood, 4A, 1948

As Day Begins to Wane

Encompassed by a thousand nameless fears,
I see life's little day begin to wane,
And hear the well-loved voices call in vain
Across the narrowing margin of my years;
And as the Valley of the Shadows nears,
Such yearning tides of tenderness and pain
Sweep over me that I can scarce restrain
The gathering flood of ineffectual tears.

Yet there are moments when the shadows bring
No sense of parting or approching night,
But, rather, all my soul seems brooding
Before the dawn of unimagined light—
As if within the heart a folded wing
Were making ready for a wider flight.

Lillian Griffith, 9R, 1948

Dawn

Far o'er the hills to the eastward,
I watch for the coming of dawn;
The faint rosy blush that will tell me
That Night's dark shadows are gone.
But pale and wan she seems,
And the stars that have shared her vigil
Have lost all their silvery beams.

I watch them fade in the graying sky,
Then turn to the east again
And see the dull sky brightened
With glory spread amain;
For crimson and purple banners
Are flung on a sea of gold,—
The beauty of the dawning
Cannot be writ or told.

All earth is hushed and silent,
Save the song of the murmuring rill,
And the lark's sweet trill as it rises
From its nest on the dewy hill.
The sun comes up 'mid the splendour,
In the silence soft and sweet;
And I rise with my heart uplifted,
The glad new day to greet.

Lauretta Terry, 4B, 1924

Which ?

They have come to this Life's milepost,
It's goodbye to the white and red.
The last exam has been written,
The last farewells have been said.
And no we shall watch and see them
Take their part in the world of men.
We wonder—will they remember
No life may be lived again?

And one shall say to his fellows,
"Hurrah for the books laid away!
I am tired of long-dead statesmen,
My history has had its day.
I have studied Shakespeare and Byron,
Enough for a lifetime or more;
On poems and all such fancy,
I shall carefully shut the door."

This is my comrade's answer,
"Though a year might ages span,
I could not read the books I would,
To teach me the ways of man."
The careless shout of "School is done,"
Echoes back with youth's elation.
Only the Future's Great shall know
They have just begun—Education.

Gladys Lindgren, 1927

Bravery Counts

(A Play in One Act)

By Jean Cowell, 4A, 1948

CHARACTERS IN PLAY

Sir George Barker: a retired man from the British Consular Service, a titled man in late forties, tall, thin, grizzled, rather distinguished looking, speaking with an English accent.

Isabel: Sir George wife's, rather tall and elegant, dark, in late thirties, also speaks with an English accent.

Sylvia Steele: a short, blonde, good figured widow, pretty, a Canadian nurse who married an Englishman while overseas in nursing corps. Speaks like a Canadian.

General Yam Yoshimitsu: short, fat Jap, friendly personality, speaks English with American accent but singy like—attained American accent for he was educated in U.S.

A Japanese Soldier.

A Main Announcer.

Three other Announcers.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

The scene is inside a hut. In one corner is a fireplace. A door R leads to the inner room. Through C back door a suggestion of wild country, sunlight, and sky. A Japanese sentry, with rifle and fixed bayonet, can be seen in silhouette outside the door. The only furniture is big table and some ramshackle chairs. On the fireplace is a mantel radio and a clock. A window without glass, but shuttered, in middle of wall L. The time is four o'clock in the afternoon.

PLAY

Isabel Barker is sitting at the head of the table. She is sitting with her chin on her hands, staring through the open door, with an expression of blank despair. Almost immediately Sylvia Steele comes through the door leading to the inner room. Both look dishevelled as is likely after spending twenty-four hours in hands of Japanese bandits.

Isabel: There you are—Sylvia! Say, what's the time? My watch has stopped.

Sylvia: So's mine, Is. I forgot to wind it up before hitting the hay.

Isabel: So you *were* upset—despite of seeming so salm.

Sylvia: Yes. I guess I'm green around the gills. Look! How marvellous the children are! They weren't scared a bit, and now they're all sleeping like tops.

Isabel: Ignorance is bliss, my dear.

Sylvia: You mean you are frightened?

Isabel: Inexpressibly.

Sylvia: Wonder what's the matter with us? They've not hurt us or starved us. This hut serves the purpose of a house. Old Yam's American accent makes me feel at home and quite cosy.

Isabel: Don't make yourself think you're in a cheap play, Sylvia. George's been out there for two solid hours but it seems like two centuries.

Sylvia: Now, now, Isabel. Keep yourself steady.

Isabel: I'm okay. I'm worrying about George. Or maybe you can't believe I still *love* my husband after thirteen years of married life?

Sylvia: Yes. (*Trying to change subject*) If I knew what the outcome of our journey would've been, I'd have put on thicker stockings. These cost me a fortune—and just look at them! (*Just as Sylvia finishes speaking, Sir George Barker comes past the sentry and drops exhaustedly into the nearest chair*).

George: I'm afraid we've worse things than laddered stockings to worry about, Sylvia.

Isabel: George! Thank God you're back. I was beginning—

George: Steady, my dear. Give me some water, please. (*Receiving a glass*) Thank you.

Isabel: George, will you put on the radio. I would like to hear something more pleasant. (*Turns it on from station to station, getting bits of broadcasts from each. Behind stage these announcers imitate changing radio programs*).

Announcer 1: Use "Dainty Touch" makeup. You just—

Announcer 2: Smear on the—

Announcer 3: the turkey, baste it to make rich, crisp, brown—

Main Announcer: Sir George Barker, his wife and children, and a friend, Mrs. Steele, and her only child, have been kidnapped. This has been officially confirmed. The British Consul has received a demand for their ransom. These demands were more than usually unreasonable for they have stipulated that they wanted twenty-five modern machine guns, a million rounds of ammunition, and fifty thousand dollars in silver. Steps are being taken now for their rescue, but authorities still have not stated if they'd pay ransom.

Isabel and Sylvia: Hurrah!

Sylvia: George, you look ghastly. What is it? The sun?—

George (*downhearted*): I wish it was. No. The authorities have refused to pay the ransom. I expected it, of course, but—

Isabel: Expected it! But it's damnable! After all your years in the service, surely—

George: No. Be reasonable, Isabel. Once pay such a ridiculous sum to the brutes and there's no end of it. It's simply encouraging kidnappers all over.

Sylvia: I suppose that's true. Well, I suppose we'll have to put up with a week or two of hiking that we didn't anticipate. If Yam will get me some sandals, I won't mind so much. (*George laughs, but is not amused*).

Sylvia: (anticipating trouble) George, what is it?

George: It's awful. I don't desire to tell you, but,

Isabel: What is it, George?

George: Well . . . the Chinese troops are on our trail.

Sylvia: Splendid! I always was a dead admirer of Chinese efficiency.

(*Continued on Page* 68)

The Country

Some hearts oft long for the city,
The strain, the toil, the strife,
But, down in my heart, there lingers,
A love for the country life
For 'mong the busy throngs of man,
Where they laugh and sigh and swear;
There is no peace for a longing soul;
I find no solace there.
You may think of the prairie,
Treeless, leafless and bare,
But I think of a nook in the country
Away from the city's glare.
My heart longs for the shady lanes,
The rippling of the rill,
The cool green lush of the meadow
And the breezes on the hill.

Marge Collier, 1927.

At the Close of Day

The plowman gazes at the furrowed sod;
Bright streamers of the sun fade from the sky,
The clouds meet in communion with their God
For night is nigh.

As darkness falls, sweet angel voices ring;
Across the land is heard a lonely cry;
Soft breezes come, and ever gently sing
A lullaby.

The country folk now close their eyes in sleep;
The moon in queenly glory rides on high;
Like changing lights, the stars their vigil keep;
The shadows sigh.

Helen Sawatsky, 1944

Under the Pines

All is still
Under the pines.
All is still:
Still as the heart of Eve
When fear first came
And the flush
Of shame
Mantled her cheek
And the sword of flame
Flashed
In the garden of the Lord.
All is still
Under the pines;

All is still.

Lillian Griffith, 9R, 1948

Quest

Man seeks for her,
She is nowhere to be found.
Man grasps her shadow;
She is far beyond his reach.
Man yearns for her
But still she will not bend.
Man follows her.
She flees from him with faery foot.
Man dreams he possesses her
Yet she is just a dream.
Who is she? What is her name?
She is called PEACE.

Clarice Sawatsky, 4D, 1948

Seats of the Mighty

Dorothy Gillespie, 4D

PIT a clever man of sound, moral character, with an unconquerable soul, who is sympathetic and unselfish to the point of personal loss against an equally clever man lacking in principles, cruel, unscrupulous; but with a deep determination and a magnetic personality amazing to behold—yes, put such men against each other in a violent struggle to win a war and a woman's hand and you will have, in brief, the plot of "The Seats of the Mighty."

This vivid historical novel has for its background the conquest of Quebec and the intense struggle between Montcalm and Wolfe. Their struggle, however, is not more real nor vital than the conflict between Moray and Doltaire. Indeed it is but a shadowy type.

The novel reveals much concerning the misery and oppression of the French Canadian peasants at this time and the corruption rampart in high places as well as court and social life.

But it is not the historical aspect or the swift moving events nor even the intriguing characters that make the book so remarkable. It is the manner in which Parker so clearly and simply describes each thought and act, so that without any effort one becomes a part of the actual scene. The book is remarkable because it was written with a vivid imagination, because every scene is a living one, and because all descriptions are concrete and so rich that the reader's mind is well supplied with detail.

One, however, could not close without making a comment upon Parker's characters. You will have to search far to find characters equally as interesting or as forceful as Robert Moray, Tinoir Doltaire and Alixe Duvarney. Parker's characters are living, breathing things. One is made to feel with them and for them. They are co clearly and fully described that you truly come to know them. Indeed, you often feel that you are looking down into the depths of their souls. They have delighted me more than any others that I can recall.

From them one learns much about the workings of the human mind and heart and the power and endurance of humankind; you are sure to enjoy Moray and Doltaire matching wits. You will also enjoy Doltaire's frank wickedness; admire Alixe's depth of soul and wonder at Moray's patience and understanding.

As the narration flows on swift and smooth, one is amazed at the working out and solving of complications. Somehow one feels that Parker's solutions to situations are "the' solutions. All the other solutions would not be so fitting.

And who can pen a more suitable ending? After the fierce, bloody struggle, enveloping both body and soul, has ended; it seems but right that there should be a quiet retreat prepared among the hills.

"As we stood there, a scarlet figure came winding in and out among the giant stones, crosses hanging at her girdles. She approached us, and seeing me, she said: 'Hush! I know a place where all lovers can hide.'

And she put a little wooden cross into my hands."

The Interior of Westmount School

Annie Bryant, 4C, 1942-43

MY first impression upon entering the school was one of space—space in the wide halls, in the high ceilings, and in the broad staircases.

The strong penetrating odor of fresh varnish rose to meet us from the surface of the hardwood floor, but under this gallant extetrior the boards were worn and scarred by many hurrying feet. Each dent and scratch and gouge could, I am sure, have told a fascinating story of success and failure, joy and sorrow, of youth's ambition, undaunted courage and undying hope.

The long, gloomy halls stretched before us, shrouded with skulking shadows that were held at bay only by the bright swords of light from the windows at either end. Doors on each side opened off the hall. Each was marked by a gleaming brass number, the even numbers on one side, the odd on the other.

Two plain white porcelain water fountains kept silent watch under the windows. They stood out in bold relief against the dingy background of the walls.

The stairs, with their well worn bannisters for support, climbed upward into unexplored regions above.

We found that all the rooms along the hall were generally alike. The characteristic smooth blackboard stretched across the front of the room, in front of which stood the teacher's desk, alone and dignified. Marshaled into the neat formal rows stood the other desks, one behind the other. Some were new and glossy, others old and grimy with names, faces and initials carved indelibly over their darkened surfaces,—yet they stood in line with others—debonair and unashamed.

Over all was an atmosphere of loneliness and rigid reserve, yet it inspired the feeling that here was something that had stood the test of many years and would stand the test of many more to come.

The Lost Chord

Mildred Collings, 3B, 1936-37

SITTING bowed over a piano in the darkened room, was the figure of a man. The moonlight, streaming in through the little latticed window, lighted up the silver of his hair, played softly over the lines upon his brow, and gently strayed over the poor eyes, that would never see the light again. The man's lips moved, "Oh," he moaned, "never to see again! Never to play upon the keys of my piano! My whole life's work ruined, and my ambitions shattered." It seemed as if an angel danced down the shaft of moonlight, so beautiful was the briliance that was centred on the motionless man. With a fluttering of the silver beams, the angel gently entered the heart of the man, which was so black with despair. Tensely the man lifted his head, as if listening to some far-off sound, and then slowly his fingers began to stray over the key board. A haunting melody began to fill the room, making the black old walls bend to its beauty. It was like the moaning of a little lost wind, wandering over the world in search of a friend. It was like the wail of a child, crying in the night. It was like the pealing of a great organ in a majestic cathedral, filling men's souls with beauty and awe. Now the music changed, and the slim fingers of the man moved faster and faster. Joy rang in the little dark room, and joy echoed on the face of the composer. The gay music resembled the babbling of a tiny brook, rippling over the stones. Now it sounded like the ringing of a thousand bells at Eastertide, now like the merry laughter of children at play. A tinkling crescendo of music sounded like the dance of fairies, millions of little creatures, with their hearts in the music, dancing over the swaying grass. Suddenly the room was left in darkness. The kind old moon had hidden its face behind some clouds, and the little white angel was compelled to climb back up the shimmering stairway which was fading from view. The man did not know that this had happened, and that the golden moonlight no longer played in his hair. But he did know that something had left his heart, and that his fingers were moving more and more slowly. Crash! The fingers of the man crumpled on the keys, vainly he sought for the missing cord, but it seemed as if he were struggling in a fog.

His head sank to his arms in utter abandon, and his soul cried out for the spirit which had lightened his music. It seemed as if he would never play again. But stay! In through the window crept the waiting man's heart. With a soul full of thankful-

ness the man began to play. His music told of triumphant battles against the evil spirits of the world. It told of beautiful things in distant lands; of the temples of India, of the jungles of Africa, and of the pyramids of Egypt. The music seemed to ride on the crest of a wave, away out in mid-ocean. It seemed to conquer everything and the beauty of it removed the burden from the heart of the man, and he was at peace.

The next morning, the first rays of the sun slipped in through the little latticed window, and shone down kindly on the bowed head of the man. The door opened and a servant entered. "Master," he cried, "Come, your breakfast is waiting, and there is much to do—" He trailed off in silence as his eyes fell upon the silent figure of his master. Quickly he crossed the room and his hands felt the coldness of the fingers upon the piano—fingers which would never play on the keys again.

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Gaye Youthe

There was with them a youthe, a gay yonge fellowe;
Ful long was his coat, and his socks yellowe;
His haire was cut as nigh as ever he koude
And like a hedgehog the endes upstood.
He was dressed fully wondrous in the maine
I judge he had a large watch, by the length of chaine.
Bright was his neck-tye, and loose his pantes
Wel coude he singe and eek well dance.
Loude was his laugh and his speech gaye
He would talk muche, but little saye.
He had been at school ten years I gesse
But to be larned he did notte professe.
His eye was redde as with little sleepe
Verily did he uneven hours keepe
Loude his pockets rattled, but I feare
He coude not pourchase ought that was deare.
A mustache had he that needs he dyed.
It coude be seen but from the syde.
A pair of leathern shoes he wore
But of this youthe say I no more.

David Newsham, 1946

Ode to a Mosquito

O Creature, whom I hear but cannot see
Whose cheerful humming fills the silent air
Like unto a fairy, wholly devoid of care
Who in the midnight silence comes to me.
Ah—there thou art! Hovering o'er my knee,
Floating along a silvery moonbeam fair,
To harm thee now I'm sure I couldn't bear,
Would that I were free as thou are free!
Thou art a wanderer who seeks in vain,
I pray thee tell, what is thy quest?
O beauteous, frail, unbidden guest.
I wonder—Ouch! You little beast!
I've got you now, and won't escape again
To tease, torment and bother men!

David Newsham, 3A, 1944

The Blight of Winter days

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I pull my blanket round me.
For fear of freezing stiff in bed,
I'm numb, I'm blue,
You would be too;
The therm's gone down to sixty;
I creak with cold—
An icy mold,
Like hard cement has fixed me.
Thus in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
If I'd not pulled my blanket up,
Frozen, morn would have found me.

I feel my toes as one
Joined, frozen fast together.
I'll never be thawed out again
'Til leaves this wintry weather.
The draught comes in,
My blanket's thin,
Though I no longer sense it.
The ice appears upon my ears
In lumps, no one knows whence it
Comes in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me;
And this is why I snuggle down,
And pull my blanket 'round me.

Annonymous, 1947

Early One Morning

The eight-fifteen was almost due,
He had no time to spare,
He washed his face and scrubbed his teeth,
He combed and brushed his hair.
He gripped his collar savagely,
And fumbled with his tie,
Then tried to do his shirt-front up,
No buttons could he spy.
He dashed down to the breakfast room,
With curses that could hurt.
"How often have I asked you, girl,
For buttons on my shirt,"
His little wife said, "Oh, but dear . . ."
"Don't dear me!" he replied,
"There's not time to be funny now,"
Belinda simply sighed.
"I'm sick to death of telling you
'Bout buttons on my shirt!
Its dastardly to treat me thus,
I'm not a lump of dirt!"
Belinda looked a little glum,
Then she began to pout.
"You see, my dear," she sweetly said,
Your shirt is inside out."

Dorothy Coolidge, 1947

STUDENTS HOUSE COUNCIL

Back Row—Mr. Manning, Shirley Comstock, Audrey McKenzie, Nick Patola, Jerry Muzyka, Jackie Moir, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. MacLennan. Front Row—Les Edwards, Anne Hesford, Stan Riddell, Helen Sherstobitoff, Sid Sears, Emma Lungal.

The House Council

SIX years ago the Student House Council was set up to take the place of the Central Executive. The Student body was divided into four groups, each taking the name of a famous leader of society. Student activities are run on a competitive basis with points being allotted for each contest. At the end of each school year, the House Trophy is awarded to the house with the most points. Monetary problems around the school are tended to by the council, and their assent has to be given before any money may be spent for equipment, etc. The Student House Council consists of the Senior Watch, Senior Pin, two House Leaders for each House (boy and girl), a secretary and three staff representatives.

The student leaders are:

BALDWIN—Shirley Comstock and Les Edwards.

ROOSEVELT—Emma Lungal and Jerry Muzyka.

CHURCHILL—Jackie Moir and Nick Patola.

IRWIN—Anne Hesford and Sid Sears.

—L.D.E.

ACTIVITIES

Light the Lantern Dance

THE gym was gaily decorated and filled with students to start off the 1947-48 social season. The Lantern was lit by Helen Sherstobitoff and then Stan Riddell took over the program for the evening. The latest recordings were played for the enjoyment of enthusiastic students who did their best with the most recent jive steps. The program was nicely spiced with a variety of novelty numbers. For the winners of a spot dance, tickets were presented for a fifteen minute ride in a Mitchinson aircraft. Dawna Olstad and Eugene McCurdy were the lucky students who won the tickets.

A lunch of cokes, dixie cups and doughnuts was then served after which the dancing continued. The patron and patroness for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. MacLennan.

Too soon the music drifted into the Home Waltz and many a weary Bedfordite started on their way home all happily satisfied with their first dance of the year.

The First and Fourth Year Party

THE welcoming party for the freshies was held not long after school started. The wild evening was planned by the Seniors to bring to a climax the season of Initiation. The ghost walk was the highlight of the evening and amid laughter and screams the unfortunate first years managed to come through the ordeal with flying colors. After gathering their wits about them they discovered that it was only to face the Mogul Court. Each offending "freshie" was punished for their various crimes committed during Intitiation time. At this time in the evening, the program turned over to the first years and each class presented a short skit. The House of Roosevelt was judged as having presented the most entertaining play. Lunch was then served and each Fourth year student chose a First Year for a partner. The time sped on and soon the time came as it always does for us to break up. As the students left a new feeling was built up between them. No longer were they "freshie" and "senior" but now a body, a single composite body known as students of Bedford Road.

Hard Times Dance

HALLOWE'EN came to Bedford with a bang, the bang being the Athletic Council's Hard Times Dance. The gym was jammed to capacity with students attired in various forms of dress which they considered to represent the hardest of hard times. The stage was decorated with scarecrows, sheaves of corn and wheat while skeletons, pumpkins, cats and witches adorned all the walls. Ted Dawson was Master of Ceremonies—and did a splendid job of controlling the bedlam that arose throughout the evening.

The patrons and patronesses for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Lydiard, Mr. and Mrs. McEown and Mrs. Carpenter. The patronesses were charged with picking the best dressed students. Bob Svoboda took the prize for the boys and Wilf Johnston for the girls.

It is hard to imagine the enthusiasm that greeted the announcement that lunch was served. Even the slow mellow bars of the Home Waltz failed to dampen the high spirits of the students and as the doors of the school were closed behind them their laughter still echoed between the walls of the darkened gym.

Second Year Party

IN keeping with custom, the regular second year party was held on the night of Friday, November 7th at 8 o'clock. An evening of fun and frolic was started off with a few games followed by dancing.

After working up an appetite with games and dancing, a lunch was served which consisted of cokes and cup-cakes. The patrons and patronesses were Miss MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Headley. Darl Yoos was the capable M.C. of the party and kept it going very lively from the opening dance to the Home Waltz.

College Night

FEBRUARY the 4th and 5th were marked down in Baldwin's annuls as very successful evenings for its was on those nights that the Drama cup was returned to them once again. Herb Sparrow directed the winning play for the House of Baldwin. The play, a comedy, was called "Brothers-in-Arms" and the cast included Pete Sikorski as the Major, Marlene Lathey as his wife, Reg Brown as Syd (a hilarious back-woodsman) and Ted Dawson as Charlie his cronie. The cast worked well together and gave a very fine performance.

The play which ran in second place was Roosevelt's "The Trysting Place." It was directed by Bob Svoboda. The actors and actresses were as follows: Joan Svoboda, Anna McKee, Delores Graham, Don Webb, Don McDonald and Jerry Muzyka. This production concerned a teen-ager's infatuation for a young widow and the conglomeration of secret love affairs kept everyone in suspense throughout the play.

In third place came Irwin's play directed by Dawna Olstad and Wilf Johnston. The play, the "King's English," takes place on a South Sea Island. The cast included Wilf Johnston, Kayla Claman, Cliff Baskin, Murray Pike, Sid Sears, Glenn Boughton, Eddie Hayes, Andy Muzyka, Jack Smith, Stan Harbin, Anne Hesford and Bernard Hulme.

In fourth place came "Wind on the Heath," Churchill's production, directed by Dave Mitchell. This drama takes place among disabled workers in a war plant. The players are June Katzman, Jackie Moir, Orest Chephya, Nick Patola and Peter Hrytsak.

The awards for scenery were given to Irwin (first), Churchill (second), Baldwin (third), and Roosevelt (fourth). This is a new type of competition and it is hoped that it will be continued in future years.

In ticket sales the winners were as follows: Irwin, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Baldwin.

The adjudicator this year was Mr. Ian McDonald of the University of Saskatchewan who gave much in the way of constructive criticism to all players.

Not only are congratulations due to the winners of the various awards but to all students and teachers who worked so diligently to make this year's College Nite possible.

In closing we wish to congratulate once more the participants of the winning play and also wish them luck in the Drama Festival.

Baldwin Wins Northern Provincial Shield

BEDFORD'S "Brother-in-Arms," directed by Herb Sparrow, won the Milliken Shield for the best junior presentation in the Northern Drama Festival. Top male acting honors were won by Reg Brown for his portrayal of Syd, a hilarious back-woodsman. For this role he won the Saskatchewan Recreation Movement Cup.

The cast also included Pete Sikorski, as the major; Marlene Lathey as his wife; and Ted Dawson as Charlie, also a backwoodsman.

The play was then presented in competition with the best the south had to offer and "The Case of the Weird Sisters" from the Stanley Rural High School was judged the better.

PROFESSOR E. M. JONES, who adjudicated the finals, had words of praise for Bedford's play. He said that he had seen the same play produced by a senior company at the Dominion Drama Festival last year and he thought this production was better. All the players in the finals were presented with books of one-act plays.

Those who worked backstage with the production were: Shirley Comstock, Betty Holfeld, Lorne Glauser, Bill Kelly, and Maurice Nekurak.

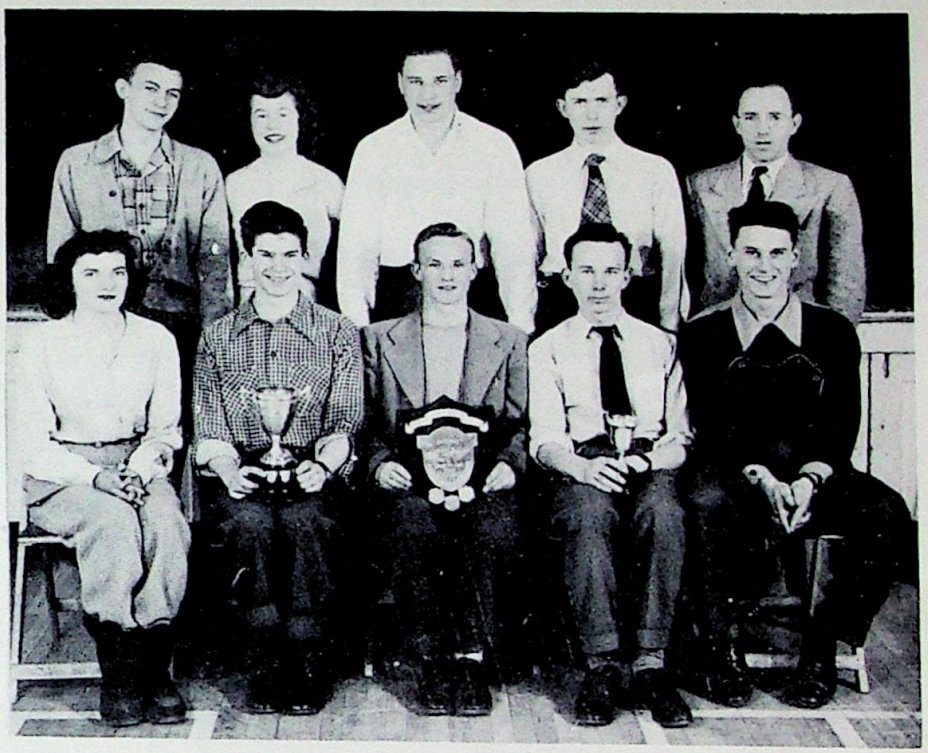
The cast and all members of the play would like to thank Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. Morgan for their assistance in making our play a success.

BALDWIN'S PLAY

Marlene Lathey, Pete Sikorski, Ted Dawson, Reg Brown.

ROOSEVELT'S PLAY

Bill Clark, Don Webb, Anna McKee, Delores Graham.



NORTHERN PROVINCIAL DRAMA WINNERS

Back Row—Lorne Glauser, Shirley Comstock, Maurice Nekurak, Hugh Best, Mr. Chapman. Front Row—Marlene Lathey, Pete Sikorski, Herb Sparrow, Reg Brown, Ted Dawson.

The Mogul Dance

UNDER the direction of Chet Overguard, this year's Mogul Dance was a tremendous success. Eight o'clock, November 14 was the time and the Bedford gym was the place. The program was made up of a series of waltzes and this proved to be extremely popular with the students. The gym was decorated by the boys of the club in gay red and white streamers. The patrons and patronesses for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Hammersley and Mr. and Mrs. Reesor.

The Lantern Limp

THIS Waltz Nite was sponsored by the students of the Lantern Staff. Pete Sikorski was in charge of the program and succeeded in showing the students a good time. The program was made up mainly of waltzes and this seemed to meet with the approval of the majority of the students. The winners of the Waltz Contest were Jean MacKay and Stan Harbin who were presented with subscriptions to the Lantern.

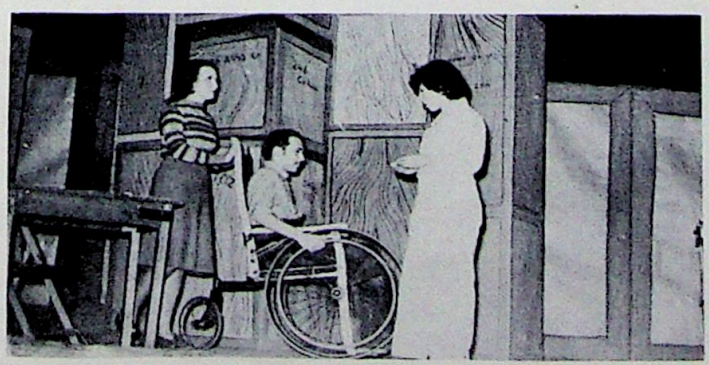
A lunch of cokes, ice cream and honey-dips added to the enjoyment of the evening. After this interlude the Special guests of the evening were

CHURCHILL'S PLAY

Margaret Forrest, Orest Chepyha, June Katzman.

IRWIN'S PLAY

Sid Sears, Kayla Claman, Murray Pike, Cliff Baskin, Wilf Johnson.



introduced. They were Dona Anderson, Editor of the Nutana Hermes, her escort, Jack Waldron, Advertising Manager for the same publication and Gladys Duda, Editor of the 1946-47 Lantern. This was the first time that inviting Editors from other magazines to talk over common problems about the yearbooks has been attempted and the venture proved to be a great success.

After these introductions had been concluded dancing continued until the fatal hour when we had to break up our pleasure makings and hurry off home to bed.

Remembrance Day

AT exactly 11.40 Monday, November 10, 1947, the students of B.R.C.I. met in the Auditorium to pay their respects to those who had lost their lives in the past Two World Wars. It was a very solemn occasion and left a feeling of humbleness and thankfulness in the heart of every student present.

The Service was as follows:

1. O Canada
2. Invocation ..... Mr. J. R. MacKay
3. Hymn ..... "O God, Our Help in Ages Past
4. Reading ..... Shirley Comstock
5. The Lord's Prayer ..... Anne Hesford
6. Introduction of Speaker
7. Address ..... Lt.Col. D. Walker
8. Laying of the Wreath ... Helen Sherstobitoff, Stan Riddell
9. Last Post

Two Minutes Silence

10. Hymn ..... O, Valiant Hearts, Who to Your Glory Came
11. God Save the King

Christmas Dance

THE end of the Christmas Exams and the beginning of the holidays gave us a dual reason for celebrating. The gym was filled with joyous students swinging to the rhythm of the discs. A fireplace and tree with all the trimmings was arranged on the stage while white streamers, holly and fir tree branches brightened the rest of the gym. Stan Riddell was M.C. and acted as host to Santa Claus who finally, after sending telegrams of his progress down from the North Pole, arrived and distributed gifts to all. After lunch the students gathered around to sing their favorite carols and it seemed no time at all until the opening bars of the last piece were heard and the last dance of 1947 was over.

First Year Party

THE First Years without doubt really had a gala party on the night of Friday, January 23. To start the ball rolling there were a few rousing games followed by dancing in which every one took part and had a wonderful time. Lunch consisted of cokes, cakes and dixie cups. The patrons and patronesses were Miss MacGregor, Mr. Tufts and Mr. Rashley. The affair which was capably handled by M.C. Stewart Beebe ended too soon for those who attended. The thoughts of other parties to come comforted them as they made their way home just before the stroke of twelve.

Bedford's Musical Festival

ON March 14, students from all years gathered in the Library to participate in Bedford's Musical Festival. Awards were given to the following:

Vocal: Anne Hesford, Anna McKee.

Instrumental: Helen Yanow, Ewen McCuaig.

A medal is awarded in each group in which there are two or more competitors. Where there is only one contestant, the medal is awarded only if a score of 80 percent is attained. These conditions are made by the Kinsmen Club, donors of the medals.

Although the response to the Festival was heartening this year it is hoped that there will be a few more competing next year. For all those interested it is a splendid opportunity and one not to be overlooked.

Ladies' Nite

AH, Valentine's Day came to Bedford and brought along Leap Year too, so with a very sound reason like that backing them, the girls of the school got together and held their annual Ladies' Nite. Dorothy Coolidge, President of the T.P. Club, acted as mistress of ceremonies and very capably

directed the program. In keeping with the theme of the night, most of the dances were Ladies' Choices, much to the approval of the girls, who took Leap Year seriously. A waltz contest was won gracefully by Ted Dawson and Audrey Dickson who were given subscriptions to the Lantern as prizes for their performance. The program was notable for plenty of variety and many novelty dances, and this, in addition to the delightful lunch, helped make the evening a great success. Mr. and Mrs MacLennan, Miss Day and Mrs. Carpenter were patron and patronesses for the evening.

Bryant Oratory Contest

IN Bedford's Bryant Oratory contest eliminations it was a matter of quality rather than quantity. Two speakers competed, Stan Harbin presenting the contribution of the pioneers to our province and Elias Nesdoly extolling the virtues of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After a very lengthy consideration the judges awarded this contest to Stan Harbin.

The zone finals of the Bryant, also held at Bedford, called out eleven speakers of whom Dolores Swanson (Zealandia) was judged the best. The performances of the contestants were particularly good.

HOUSE

Baldwin....

Zemo! Temo! Raz-daz-we!
Ayla! Bayla! Yi-ko-kee!
Wysit! Wysit! B! B! B!
Ye-a-h — Baldwin!

House Leaders—Shirley Comstock, Les Edwards.
Athletic Leaders—Mary Appleton, Ted Dawson.
Social Leaders—Betty Steel, Garry Doyle.

AS another page is turned in the annals of Baldwin's history, we as your houseleaders wish to extend our sincere gratitude for the co-operation you have given us this year. It has been an honor and a privilege to work with you as your houseleaders. We also express our hope, that always in the future you will give the same support to your leaders. As the year draws to a close we leave wishing Baldwin and its members good luck and the very best of everything.

Shirley Comstock.
Les Edwards.

Roosevelt....

Latimus! Ludimus! Ridimus! Ray!
We're the House who'll win today!
Ready! Rarin'! Rickety! Relt!
We're the House of Roosevelt!

House Leaders—Emma Lungal, Jerry Muzyka.
Athletic Leaders—Kay Sutherland, Len Brewer.
Social Leaders—Glenna Headley, Don Webb.

ANOTHER school year is almost over and we, the Leaders of the House of Roosevelt, would like to take this opportunity to thank our fellow House members for their support and co-operation during 1947-48. This has been a memorable year for us, and you have made us proud to be your leaders. As our time at Bedford draws to a close we sincerely hope that you will give your future leaders the splendid support that you have given us and that you will continue to work for the success of your House.

Emma Lungal.
Jerry Muzyka.

House History

AS the close of another school year approaches, let us turn back the pages to the origination of the House System.

In 1942 it was felt that something had to be done to revive the old Bedford spirit. A committee consisting of a representative from each of the first, second, and third year rooms, Mr. Holmes, Miss Alexander and Mr. Follens, was set up. Suggestions in achieving this goal were brought forth and another committee was set up to talk it over with the school. A vote was taken among the students which favored the House System. Minette Condon, Lorne Richardson and Mr. Farrell then chose the names of the houses as they are at present. They then set to the difficult task of dividing the school into four groups, equal both in talent and interest.

As the system now stands, a boy and girl are elected in each House near the end of the school term to be the leaders for the following year. These leaders are nominated from any second or third year students. In the fall, each House elects a boy and girl social and athletic leader.

When a student enters Bedford he is assigned to a house and remains there throughout his four years.

There are many activities going on in the different houses, namely Debates, Basketball, Soccer, Hockey, College Night, The Bulletin Contest and Lits. At the end of the year the House having obtained the highest number of points is presented with a cup.

The House System as it stands today is successfully accomplishing the purpose for which it was originally created.

Awards

BECAUSE of the increasing social activity being continually introduced to Bedford, this year's House Council felt that it was necessary to introduce a new system of awarding points.

Under the old system, points were awarded for athletics but for social, the awards were limited. Some of the activities that were eligible for awards were dormant while other more important ones received no credit whatsoever.

HIGHLIGHTS

Churchill....

Catfish! Dogfish! Devilfish! Shark!
Churchill! Churchill! show some spark!
Stand them on their heads!
Stand them on their feet!
Churchill House just can't be beat!

House Leaders—Jackie Moir, Nick Patola.
Athletic Leaders—Jean Cowell, Morris Anderson.
Social Leaders—Betty Holfeld, Don Burgess.

THE House of Churchill is a House of which we its leaders are proud. This year, as in former years, it has lived up to its high standards, thanks to its faithful supporters. We only hope that in the years to come your Churchill House leaders will be as proud of you students as we are today. The best of luck to all of you.

Jackie Moir,
Nick Patola.

Irwin....

Razz 'em! Jazz 'em! Make 'em step!
Sass 'em! Crash 'em! We got pep!
Watch us! Dodge us! Beat us if you can!
It's good old Irwin—Understand!
I-R-W-I-N . . . . . Irwin!

House Leaders ..... Anne Hesford, Sid Sears
Athletic Leaders ... Damaris Hodges, Glen Boughton
Social Leaders ..... Dawna Olstad, Wilf Johnson

WE, THE LEADERS of the House of Irwin, wish to express our thanks and appreciation for the co-operation we have received this year. Competition has been keen throughout the year and we have been forced therefore to put greater effort into various activities.

As we prepare to leave Bedford, we wish to leave with you the sincere hope that you will give the same support to your future leaders and keep up the good work.

Anne Hesford.
Sid Sears.

The new system, arranged by the Council, offered opportunity for students to gain credit for every service contributed by them to the school..

Each activity was alloted a set number of points according to the skill it takes, the work involved and its value to the students and the school.

The students can apply for points only once and only one award of a type can be given. An awards committee consisting of a member from the Athletic, Student and Social Council along with a staff representative are to make the final decision about giving an award. The points applied for by the students are to be first approved by the teacher in charge of the activity.

The types of awards are first an Athletic Block "B" awarded to the students who over a period of four years have earned one hundred points for athletics. The second is a Social Block "B" given to the student who has made one hundred points under the social section of the constitution. The third type is an emblem which will be awarded for a combination of social and athletic points; there must be a minimum of thirty-two points from either social or athletic in order to be awarded this crest.

The system was first introduced to the students at a House meeting. Suggestions and improvements were made until finally a complete set of points was drawn up. Then during the months that followed the complete system was posted on the Bulletin Board so that all the students were able to inspect it carefully. In January a vote was taken among the students and the system was adopted. The clear majority was decisive evidence of the strong approval of the student body for this new system. The student council spent a great deal of time trying to perfect this system and it sincerely wishes that the students would always be so enthusiastic about it and will always be ready to improve upon it as time progresses.

The Bulletin Contest

THE HONORS for the Bulletin contest this year went to the House of Roosevent. Second, third and fourth places were taken by the Houses of Churchill, Irwin and Baldwin, respectively.

The papers were judged by Joyce Denholm and she marked them on a point basis. Roosevelt's Bulletin, edited by Audrey McKenzie, had an especially good edition. The editorials for Roosevelt and Churchill were by far the best. The other two papers lacked adequate editorials and satisfying conclusions.

In closing, we take this opportunity to thank Joyce for the time she spent in judging the contest. Thanks are also due to all those who participated in writing material to make the contest possible.

Clubs

Archery Club

ARCHERY, inaugurated in Bedford Road Collegiate in 1941, has played a small but important part in the extra-curricular activities of the school. Much to the credit of such interested and enthusiastic archers as Marion Mather, Walter Evans and others of that year, a club of twenty members was organized in October and has been in continuous operation each school year since.

Dr. A. P. Salter, a local dentist and an experienced archer, took a keen interest in the club from the outset, taught how various parts of the equipment were properly made, and then presented to the club a trophy to be awarded to the member who showed the best style and made the highest average score during the year. Brenda Filer was the winner in 1943 of the handmade bow of yew, coupled with a dozen handmade matched arrows, all the product of the craftsmanship of Dr. Salter. The Athletic Council donated a cup to be awarded to the member making the best average score for the year. The first winner was Sylvester Drobitt, 1943, who was followed by Peter Trim in 1944,

Garry Houghton, 1945, Gerald Kendall 1946, and Ken Little 1947.

Over the years, lack of accommodation has held the membership to twenty and the individual membership is limited to three years to provide opportunities for the greatest number of members. As far as is known, there is no other active archery club in any sister school of the province, and competition, so helpful in the development of any activity, is lacking. But it is to be hoped that before long we may be challenged.

A visitors' night, at the close of the club's activities for the year, to which each member has the privilege of inviting his or her parents or two friends, has proven quite popular and is likely to become traditional.

The instruction and practice in archery is considered very effective in developing muscular control in the arms and shoulders, in building strong shoulder muscles, and correcting poor posture and in gaining poise. It has been the sport of kings and gentlemen over the centuries.

The present club, instructed by Mr. MacLennan, consists of sixteen members, with Ron Stilling as president and Bruce Edwards as secretary.

The Mogul Club

AT A MEETING early in the year, the Mogul executive was elected. Because he had been the first Senior Watch at B.R.C.I., Mr. Chapman was made the staff representative. The presidential chair went to Chet Overguard. His assistants are Morris Anderson, Reg Brown, Tom Dunlap and David Mitchell. The success of the club's first two ventures, the Initiation and the First and Fourth Year Party, called for further attempts, and accordinly a Waltz Night was held which proved to be an overwhelming success. There are many ways in which the Mogul Club has furthered good feeling among students of Bedford Road.

Advanced Dancing Class

THIS YEAR a new activity has been added to Bedford's ever-growing list. The Advanced Dancing Club meets every Saturday morning in the gym. An enthusiastic group of girls are instructed in ballet and modern dancing under the capable direction of Miss McDermid. The girls would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Miss McDermid and to Dorothy Kalman, pianist, for devoting so much of their time to this successful venture.

Albani Choir

THE ALBANI CHOIR this year is under the capable direction of Mr. Dyck. The executive consists of Anna McKee, president, Marion Konopka, secretary, and Anne Hesford, Mary Pacula, and Erma Pfeiffer as an assisting committee.

An operetta was planned by the choir this year, but due to unavoidable circumstances, was cancelled. The Albani took part in the elaborate "Anniversary Review" and is now working on the music for the festival.

Our Library

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold."
—Keats.

LAST FALL, an opportunity was officially afforded first year students to familiarize themselves with our Library. Thanks to the English teachers, who sensed the long-span value of such a course, seven English periods were generously provided each class for library direction. In instituting this forward step, the aim was to encourage students to "travel" rather than to "wander" in the realm of books. Results of the experiment became apparent in the subsequent unprecedented use of the card-catalogue, encyclopaedias, dictionaries, pamphlet material, "Readers' Guide", "Canadian Index," and other guidance facilities available in the Library. Students acquired the habit of "travelling" occasionally, as a respite from "aimless roaming."

Again it is our pleasure to publicly thank those sixty young men and women who have stood by the library so conscientiously throughout the year. Were it not for the service rendered by our student staff, the Library could not function on its present expanding level.

We folks behind the desks have enjoyed this year's associations with our friends and foes—and modestly look forward to sharing with staff and students next year the pleasures of yet wider journeys "IN THE REALM OF GOLD."

Boys' Leaders' Corps

UNDER THE CAPABLE and guiding hand of Mr. Lydiard, a Leaders Corps was organized again this year after a lapse of several years. Although it drew most of its recruits from the first and second year boys, a few third and fourth year students were also to be found in its ranks. The aim of the corps was to further leadership among the boys in their own P.T. classes and in their spare time. It is to be hoped that this worthy project will not be discontinued in the future but will enjoy a very successful life.

Voice on the phone: Is this the Salvation Army?
Answer: Yes, it is.
Voice: Is it true that you save young girls?
Answer: Yes, it is.
Voice: Well, please save me one for Saturday night.

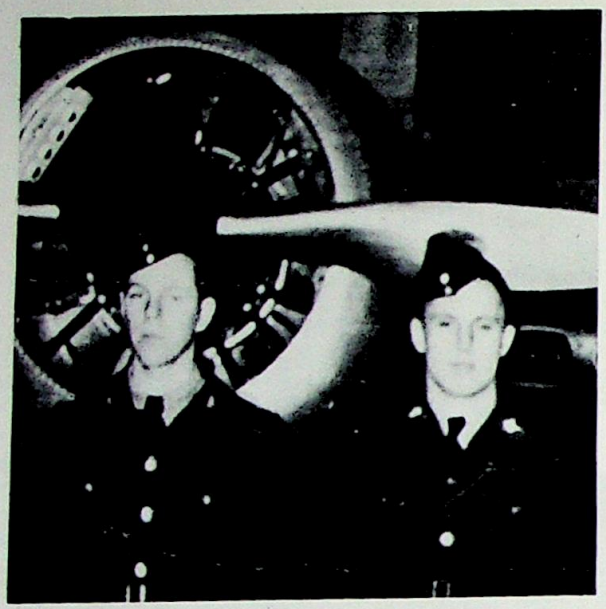
Pismo: Why the toothbrush in your lapel?
Gesmo: Its my class pin—I go to Colgate!

Toujours Pretes Club

THE T.P. Club was organized at the beginning of the term under Mrs. Morgan's able management. The executive consists of Dorothy Coolidge, president, Verna Elke, vice-president, Joy Hargreaves, secretary-treasurer, and with Betty Steel 12B, Alice Jones 12R, Jean Cowell 12C and Francis Sugarman 12I as class representatives.

The T.P. girls assisted in a T.P.-Mogul First and Fourth Year Party in October. Then on February 13 they organized the Annual Ladies' Night, or Sadie Hawkins Dance, which turned out to be a gala event.

The girls would like to thank Mrs. Morgan and Miss Day, their staff representatives, for assisting would also like to take this opportunity to wish the them in making this year so successful, and they best of luck to the "Toujour Pretes" of 1948-49.



Harry Maynard, a graduate of two years ago, and Gerald Kendall were two Bedford Road Air Cadets who learned solo flying last summer on scholarships awarded by the Air Cadet League of Canada. They followed the trail blazed by Bill and Dan Campbell, who have since received short service commissions from the R.C.A.F. and are at present training in Eastern Canada.

Inter-School Christian Fellowship

THE I.S.C.F. is made up of students from every denomination. The group consists of those who are anxious to study the Bible. Not only do we have devotional periods, but times of fun and recreation. Although this organization may not be familiar to you, we will be glad to welcome you to our activities. Our school representatives are Dolores Olson and Dave Gordon. Besides our noon hour meetings, we have joint Bible studies with the Christian students from the other three collegiates. Our sincerest thanks go to Mr. MacKay, our principal, and also to Miss McGregor for the use of the sewing room.

Debating Club

AFTER A PERIOD of some three years, the Debating Club has once more become active in Bedford Road. The club is under the guidance of Mr. Reesor with assistance from Mr. Rashley. The executive consists of a president, Shirley Comstock, a vice-president, Stan Harbin, and a secretary, June Katzman. The club meets every other Monday of the month and its activities have been mainly a series of organized house debates. The final debates will be held in the second term, the winning House to receive a special award of points. The enthusiasm of the students in this club is admirable and they have already profited by the experience they have gained. This club will without doubt be one of the most prominent organizations of the school in the near future.

Back Row—Mr. Rashley, Stan Harbin, Gloria Bobyn, Sylvia Wasylciw, Elias Nesdoly, Mr. Reesor. Front Row—Merle Stephenson, Shirley Comstock, Doreen White, Anne Gajdycz, Joan Shaw, Dolores Grant, June Katzman.

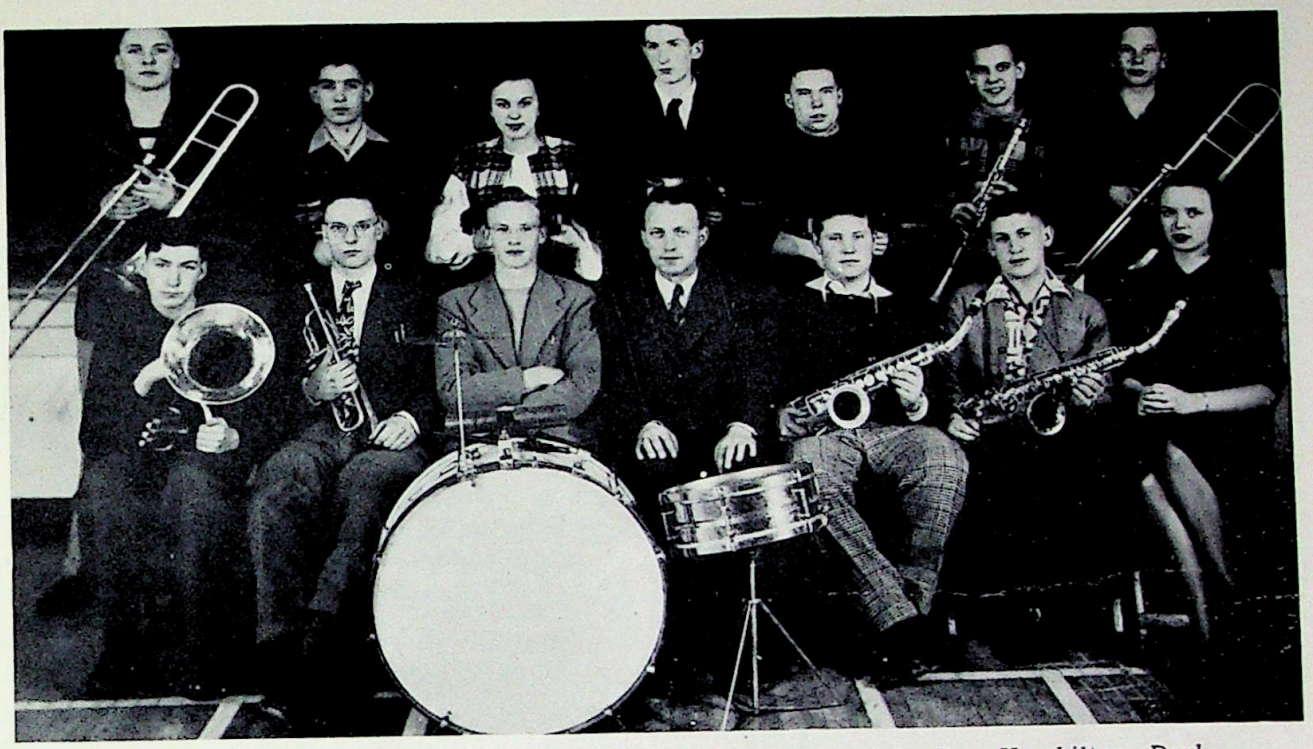
Handbook

LAST TERM was the first time the seniors of Bedford issued the Handbook to aid "freshies" and other newcomers in adapting themselves to collegiate life.

In this book will be found an array of helpful hints concerning sports, regulations, school activities and systems, etc. The staff consists of Helen Sherstobitoff, editor, Shirley Comstock, Anne Hesford, Audrey McKenzie, Stan Riddell, Dave Mitchell, Lorne Glauser, associates, and Mr. McPherson, staff advisor.

Music Appreciation

IF ANY TUESDAY, about 3.30, you were to wander up into the wing, you would hear the halls echo with anything from Boogie to Bach. And where does it come from? Why, Mr. Dyck's room, of course. And the reason for it? It is the Music Appreciation Group studying the many different types of music and instruments that go to make up our musical world. A new club at Bedford this year, it is one which we are sure will attract wide attention and vast numbers in the future.



Back Row—Lorne Ellis, Bayford Reesor, Florence Aksaniuk, Don Hambilton, Darl Yoos, Buddy Stilling, John Sands. Front Row—Ken van Veltzer, Glenn Boughton, Herb Sparrow, Mr. Tufts, Murray Pike, Jack Smith, Dorothy Kalman.

Zoo Page Names

1. Winning stage crew and scenery—IRWIN.
2. Lucky freshie.
3. Bedford from the air. Photo by Edwards.
4. "Woman in the Window."
5. What a life.
6. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Murray Pyke and Jack Smith.
7. Lovely! Lovely!
8. Praise be to Hugh (Allah) Best.
9. Poor camera.
10. Who's that? Look at No. 6.
11. I'll have one.
12. Studious Bernie.
13. Anne, you've lost weight.
14. Big Burly Buchanan.
16. 1941. Grade three, Caswell.
17. Sailor reading the ships "LOG" (World's Best Comics).
18. That's no way to get to heaven.
19. Hubba! Hubba!
20. Who are you looking for, Jean?
21. Ain't love grand!
22. No. 6939! 4369!
23. In the dog house.
24. In or out, Del?
25. Surrey with the fringe on top.
26. Lucky post.
27. Open Sesame.
28. Bedford's bathing beauties.
29. All dressed up with no place to go.
30. Getting in the mood for the play.

Night and Day

Winter is like the night.
It swallows up the tiny, trembling leaves,
And Mother Earth it cruelly bereaves
Of all her warmth and light.
Then, half-relenting, snow
It sends to comfort those who sigh for spring.
A heavy cloak of white the harsh winds fling
O'er barren earth below.

Springtime is like the dawn.
The gloom is lifted by the glowing sun.
And sparkling streams, their tyrant bonds undone,
Once more flow on.
Now verdant grasses sway;
In every field the placid cattle graze,
While men and women go their several ways
Rejoicing in the day.

—Kate Wood, 4A.

Release

Far from all worldliness, serene, alone:
A haven enshrined amidst peace.
'Mongst flowers and ferns is a little Home,
Where from my cares I would seek release.
And near the sky, when my tasks are o'er,
Is a little room where I may retire
To my own books, music of old masters, or
Dreaming, sit by the fire.
It's mine at last. I welcome it with a sigh,
Hear the birds sing their sweet Home song,
Withdrawn in reveries, when God is nigh,
Vision comes, and sleep soon slips along.

—Thelma Jones, 4A, 1937.

Reflections

Have you ever watched the sunset
In its wondrous tinted glow,
And seen it dance and flicker
In the ocean depths below;
With the sea-breeze blowing 'gainst you,
Taking all your cares away,
Did you feel that 'twas a promise
Of another, better day?

Or have you seen the sunset,
As you leave the mountain gorge,
Coming out onto the prairie
Lighted by the magic forge;
Seen the contrast of the mountain,
Standing so majestic tall,
'Gainst the endless rolling prairie
In its rustic coat of fall?

And while watching all its glories
Did the question e'er arise,
Of the Mighty Unseen Artist
Who has painted thus the skies;
Did you think about His greatness,
How He's Master of the tide,
How He made the plains and mountains,
How He too can be our guide?

—Verna McClintick, 3D, 1932.

Night

The sun sank lower, in a pool of flame
Heightened by the jetted mantle of the night;
The old hills, dark, against day's radiant close
Guarded, on their faithful watch, the white
Young valley, slumbering in their arms, shivered
By the moon that rose, e'en as the flaming western light
Faded into darkness; and the night-wind softly stirred
The whispering pines, and stars tripped daintily across the sky.
Night's creatures wakened, and a pale firefly
Lighting his lantern, flitted gently by.

—ADELLE SEELEY, 1942

Graduating Class

Valedictory

WE ARE leaving Bedford today, filled with the memories of four eventful years. We are going out into the everyday world now and it seems as great a step as did entering high school four years ago. We are going out into a world of trouble and fear—fear of another war; fear of depressions. Our task will be difficult. Many responsibilities will be ours. We must not fail. We cannot fail

If we utilize the experience of the joys and sorrows we have met at Bedford we shall find that task to be easier.

Truly we have much to be thankful for. We have our parents. But for their encouragement and labors we couldn't have received the benefit of this training. They have worked hard and, in some cases, made great sacrifices to give us an education. We owe them a deep gratitude.

WE ARE THANKFUL too for the privilege of attending a school like Bedford. It has meant much to us. We have had a right to select our own student leaders and our own course of studies. New languages, math., English, history have been offered us. We have had the right to voice our thoughts, opinions and ideas and to put them into practice. Bedford has given us, above all, the chance to make new friends with both teachers and fellow students. Yes—that spirit of Bedford Road, that friendship and the honor will remain with us for a long time.

Our thanks also go to the old "Red and White" for the lessons in life she has taught us. We have been offered knowledge, skills, friends and character—moulding ideals. We have learned to live unselfishly and to co-operate with and to help others.

WE ARE ALSO grateful for the teachers we have had during these four years. They have been patient friends and kind counsellors. Their co-operation and guidance have led us from adolescence to young manhood and womanhood, ready to assume the responsibilities of the life ahead of us.

And now we leave this, our school, and reach for the burdens of the busy world. We leave, as have many graduating classes before us, to take our places in the world. We leave eagerly, and sadly—eager to meet the test and yet sad at severing our ties with Bedford.

Many will go on to further their education at university or at business colleges. Others will follow their chosen vocations. But,

"Though we may wander o'er land and sea,
Our old collegiate she'll always be."

Yes, we'll remember these days—our happiest days—our high school days at Bedford.

—Earl Miller.

12 BALDWIN

MRS. CARPENTER—The students of 12B will always remember their class teacher, Mrs. Carpenter, who helpfully guided them through four years of high school. We are grateful to have had a friend such as she.

MYRTLE ALLDRED — Is a quiet, well-liked girl. She enjoys most sports, although house basketball is her specialty. We wish our redhead the best of luck.

DONELDA BERNDT—is another "quiet lass in our class," but she seems to enjoy life and plans to attend business college.

HUGH BEST—This carefree young man of 4C has his future all planned. Hugh is going to be an optometrist and we all say "eye! eye!" to that.

GLORIA BOBYN—To teach, is her aim, and she never stops daydreaming about it. Gloria enjoys dancing and reading, but never a peep is heard from her in class.

EDDIE BORYSKI—His immediate plan is to get his Grade XII. There is never a dull moment with Eddie around, especially in the Chem. Lab. He enjoys all sports and likes to dance.

REG BROWN—This tall, handsome lad proved his fine acting ability this year by winning the S.R.M. Cup for the best actor in Northern Saskatchewan at the Junior Drama Festival.

SHIRLEY BUCHANAN—*Butch* is quite undecided about her future. She is interested in sports and was captain of the house basketball team.

SHIRLEY COMSTOCK—Baldwin's house leader takes part in nearly everything. She enjoys sports, dancing, debating, was cheer leader and on the Athletic Council. Would like to be a nurse or a teacher.

BERNICE DAY—Bernice has has always worked for good marks and she takes an active part in sports, especially senior girls' basketball.

ROSIE DEMOSKOFF— is a quiet, friendly girl who plays the accordion. She hopes to become a stenographer.

JAKE DICK—Would like to be a doctor and we are all sure that he will succeed. Jake has a very high standard in school work, and is well liked by everyone.

LES EDWARDS — Baldwin's house leader goes in for senior basketball, rugby, hockey and track. He is a good scholar and is everybody's favorite. For Les, it's a toss-up between flying and the University of B.C., where he would like to take Physical Education.

VERNA ELKE—Our blonde bombshell can be heard all over the school. She is fond of sports, with basketball taking the spotlight. She plans on taking a stenographer's course at Success Business College. We wish her every success.

DOROTHY GILLESPIE— is 4D's studious gal who plans to attend Normal and take up teaching. She reads a lot and her cheery laughter can always be heard in the halls.

LORNE GLAUSER—is going to university to become a journalist. He has a pleasing personality and is well liked. He likes dancing, but tennis is his main interest.

HERBERT GUSH—Herb's ambition is to be a Mechanical Engineer, and his current interest is radios. He is well known at Bedford for his good marks and friendly ways.

RON HODGES—Known as the "Personality Kid" of Baldwin, little Ron hopes to become a hockey player. He excels in hockey, swimming and dancing, and at the moment he holds the Dominion junior men's diving title. Good luck, "Short Stuff"!

DOROTHY KALMAN—is our clever girl and brilliant pianist. She is very active in school activities as well as being an honor student. Best of luck, Dorothy!

ERNA KLASSEN—Plans to be a Dental Assistant when she leaves B.R.C.I. She likes reading and basketball and is never seen without a pretty smile.

MARLENE LATHEY—Plans to be a . . . she doesn't know yet. But her immediate hobbies are dancing and writing those silly ditties. She's the good-natured girl of 4C and always greets you with a cheerful cackle.

MARGARET LINDROSS — is friendly and always willing to listen to everyone. She is interested in becoming a nurse, but now drawing and dancing are her specialties. We wish you luck in the future, Marg!

JEAN MACKAY—is entering the City Hospital at the end of this year to train for a nurse. This jolly lass usually fills her spare moments in winter up at the skating rink.

OLGA MICHALUK—Her chief ambition is to be a secretary in a radio station. She is content to listen to the radio, knit, and do a certain amount of reading. She has a quiet personality but enjoys a gay time as much as anyone.

NORM MATTHEWS—says he is going to become a doctor, and we all hope that he succeeds. He likes rugby and basketball.

IRENE NYKIFORUK—is going to Scott's to learn how to be a secretary. This happy girl likes to read and skate. Lots of luck in everything, Irene!

CHET OVERGUARD—Played tackle for Bedford for two years, then for the Hilltop Juniors. He plans to become a pro football player and we hope he succeeds.

BILL RICHWA—Bill would like to pass this year; after that he would like to go to Varsity. Bill played rugby for two years and he enjoys tumbling and basketball.

EDITH ROGOMAN—is not sure what she wants to do, but she will undoubtedly make a success of it. Sports are right down her alley, with basketball her favorite. Edith does not neglect her studies, getting excellent marks all around.

CLARICE SAWATSKY—is going to Varsity to become a Home Ec. teacher. She is interested in singing and public speaking.

PETER SIKORSKI—would like to become a radio announcer and have his own program. He likes dancing, acting and especially girls. He's the "Swoonatra" of Bedford.

HERB SPARROW — Likeable Herb spends a lot of time helping other people out. He enjoys dancing, girls, dramatics, girls, basketball, and girls! Herb, I think you like *girls!*

BETTY STEEL—This pretty lass plans to become a lady in white, and we all know she will be successful. She likes everybody and everything and is very easy to get along with.

MARION STRELIOFF—One of our newcomers this year, she intends to be a teacher after graduating from Bedford. We know she will achieve her aim, and wish her the best of everything!

KITTY WOOD—To follow in her father's footsteps and become a librarian, is this young lady's plan. She is well-liked by both teachers and students and makes a friend worth knowing.

JOHN WAYTUCK—John's ambition is to become a Geologist, which is a very high aim. His hobbies include reading and playing ping-pong. Altogether, he is a very industrious student.

12 ROOSEVELT

MR. HAMMERSLEY—has been a helpful friend as well as disciplinarian to his Roosevelt students. We will remember him, too, for his patience and understanding at all times. The best of everything, Mr. Hammersley, from 12R.

MARY DOPKO—is a quiet girl whose high marks denote ambition. Mary thinks she would like to be a stenographer, and we know she will make a good one.

BILL ABBOTT—is a clever lad of 4A who plays on the senior basketball and soccer teams. Every success in your career as an Electrical Engineer, Bill.

EUNICE ANDAHL—The *doll* of 4D who enjoys Mr. Hammersley's dissection classes. She is entering Tech commercial class this fall. Good luck to you!

FLORENCE ANDROSOFF—is the "class book bearer" of 4B. With her quiet, friendly manner and high marks, we are sure she'll be a very successful teacher.

ELMER BENOIT—is the "pucker" boy of 4B whose philosophy is "variety is the spice of life." He plans on going to the Coast this summer to try his luck at fishing.

EDNA BOOR—is the tall, blonde basketball fan of 4D who also ranks skating among her interests. Edna plans on becoming a nurse. Good luck!

WALTER CEBRYNSKY—'Zeb" is one of the star players on the senior basketball team as well as being a hard worker in school. He intends to enter the College of Education this fall. Best of luck to you!

BILL CLARK—is the wit and brain of 4B. He excels in his studies and takes an active part in dramatics. We all like Bill's friendly manner and wish him success!

AUDREY HODGSON—came to Bedford from Madison and has proven herself to be a credit to the school. She curls on the intercollegiate team and is a diligent student. Audrey is going to university, then hopes to enter the teaching profession.

HARLEY HOLABETZ—is the brain of 4C. Although quiet in class, he has made many friends since coming to Bedford from Aberdeen. He plans on entering Varsity to become a Research Chemist.

ALICE JONES—is the girl who always has a friendly smile for everyone. Alice is a member of the T.P. executive and takes an interest in all activities. We know she will be a successful librarian.

GERALD KENDALL—or *Jeep* as he is more often called, is a rather quiet fellow who takes his studies seriously. He seems to have a keen interest in the Air Force. Best of luck, Jeep.

ANDREW KOROL—This rather quiet appearing boy is the cause of many a classroom riot, but with his intelligence we know he'll do well at Varsity.

JOHN KOSMYNKA—is another of these "strong silent" men. His ambition is to become a teacher. Here's wishing you every success, John!

BRIAN LITTLE—is a tall, handsome lad whose main interests are curling and dancing. His aim at the moment is to finish high school, then he is going to take Pharmacy.

MAURINE LITTLE—is a quiet, pretty girl of 4D, whose favorite pastime is skating. Her pleasant smile and charming personality ensure her becoming a successful stenographer.

EMMA LUNGALL—Small, cute and popular, Emma is a sports enthusiast, cheer leader, and a member of the Albani Choir. Her future is somewhat undecided, but she would like to be an airline stewardess. Best of luck to a swell house leader.

HILTON McINTOSH—is the president of 12R and capable editor of the *Lantern*. With his ability, we are sure he will be a success in whatever he decides to do.

CLARENCE McKEE—is the "Romeo" of 4C, known to all as "Pat". His sense of humor and pleasing personality have won him many friends. Pat is planning a career on the railroad.

AUDREY McKENZIE — is a dark, popular lass of 4A. She is treasurer of the House Council and is a supporter of the Albani Choir. Best of luck in your university years!

HAROLD MILAVSKY—Is one of the "grey matter bearers" of 4A, who plays on the senior basketball team. *Hersh* would not disclose his ambition. Could it be "Kayla?"

JERRY MUZYKA—is a member of the senior basketball team and does his share in all activities. As Roosevelt's house leader he has shown spirit and enthusiasm. Every success in the future from all in 12-R!

PAT NOONAN—is a newcomer to Bedford this year, hailing from B.C. Pat is a star player on the senior basketball team and an all-round good sport. With his ambition and personality, we know he'll succeed.

BETTY NEELIN—plays house basketball and curled on the intercollegiate team. She is a good sport and a true friend to all.

ELIAS NESDOLY—is an intelligent boy from Blaine Lake. He competed in the Bryant Oratory contest, and is a staunch supporter of the Debating Club. We wish you luck, Elias!

NICK OLEKSON—is 4A's shy, quiet lad, although we know he is a lot of fun. Nick didn't mention an ambition, but we know he'll succeed in whatever he decides to do.

RAY PACHOLEK—"Patch" is another rather quiet fellow who knows what is going on. 12R wishes him every success in his future occupation.

OLGA PAZDRY—"Paddy" is another quiet girl, but nevertheless full of fun. She is thinking seriously of entering the nursing profession and we wish her luck!

LILLIAN QUIRING—is always a friend when your homework is not done. With a summer trip to B.C. in view, Lil hopes, upon her return, to enter the nursing profession.

BOB SVOBODA—is an active participant in many activities. He capably directed Roosevelt's play and is also a curling enthusiast. Bob intends to follow his father's footsteps into the field of Law.

DON WEBB—is the cause of much laughter in 4C. He proved his acting in Roosevelt's play, and skipped his curling rink to the Northern playoffs. Good luck upon your entry into the College of Commerce!

WALTER BANTING—returned to our hallowed halls of learning this year to complete his Grade XII. Walt is interested in hockey and curling and hopes to become a banker.

SHIRLEY McKEE—is keen on sports, curling and basketball in particular. She hopes to go into training in Prince Albert, where she will make a fine nurse.

KAY SUTHERLAND—is a girl with a wide variety of interests, who hopes some day to invent a washable "Kleenex". In the fall she plans to enter the College of Agriculture, U. of S.

DALE ELLEFSON — before leaving Bedford for Vancouver, was Roosevelt's house leader and a staunch supporter of Bedford teams. All his classmates wish him luck in his future undertakings.

KEN ROSS—is 4B's "muscle" man, who is seldom seen with out Pat and Elmer. Although he is undecided as to his future, his friends agree that he will succeed.

WILLIS WRIGHT—is a lad whom we don't see very often, but nevertheless we wish him the best of luck after he leaves B.R.C.I.

12 CHURCHILL

MR. MACDONALD—His keen sense of humor will assure him of a place in the memories of his 12C students. Thanks, Mr. Mac, for all your help and guidance. Although we may not remember any math., we'll never forget the teacher who tried to hammer it in!

MORRIS ANDERSON—A tall, handsome boy, liked by one and all, who is our star basketball player. Next year he is going to Varsity. We all know that you'll make a huge success of your chosen career, Morris.

VIC ELLOWAY—is one of the newcomers to Bedford this year. Vic's future lies in Dentistry, and 12C wishes him the best of luck.

MARY ELMORE—A popular blonde of 4D, is one of the few gals with both brains and looks. However, this little gal won't reveal her plans for the future. Everyone wishes you good luck, Mary.

MINA ARDELL—is one of the quieter members of 12C. Mina plans to enter the nursing profession upon completion of her Grade XII. Loads of luck, Mina!

OLGA BEALEY—Always has a joke to tell. Her plans for the future are undecided as yet but we all feel her cheerful disposition will take her far along the road to success.

BETTY BROWN—Her cheerful smile is well known to her friends at Bedford. Betty is another girl who plans to become a teacher when she finishes high school. Good luck, Betty!

OREST CHEPYHA—is a studious member of 4A, very interested in music. We know he'll go far in his chosen profession.

DOROTHY COOLIDGE—This quiet lass is the president of the T.P. Club. Dorothy plans to attend Normal next year. We're all sure you will make a fine teacher, Dot.

JEAN COWELL—is an active member of 12C. In all sports she excels, especially basketball. She hopes to enter the field of Pharmacy at Varsity next year. Good luck, Jean.

AUDREY DICKSON—During her four years at Bedford, Audrey has made many friends. At the end of this year she plans to take up nursing. We're sure that, with your attention, all your patients will make a speedy recovery.

JOYCE GORDON—is a rather quiet girl who doesn't have much to say about herself. Neveretheless, all her associates know that she will succeed in whatever she decides to do.

BETTY HOLFELD—A popular member of 12C is our house social leader. Betty plans to take up nursing or a business course. Lots of luck to you, Betty, from all of us!

PETER HRYTSAK—proved his fine ability in the field of acting in College Nite. Next year he plans to go to business college. We know that with your winning ways you will succeed, Pete.

CAROL JANZEN—Carol is a tall girl who makes many friends in her quiet way. Next year Carol plans to go to college where, judging from her record at Bedford, she'll surely succeed.

KATHLEEN JARVENPAA—just came into our midst at Christmas. Kathleen is another enthusiastic curler. She wants to become a primary teacher. Here's wishing you the best of luck.

JOE KATZMAN—A friendly student who is well liked by all his associates. His plans for the future are undecided but we wish him the best of luck in whatever he chooses to do.

JOHN LEARMONTH—is a tall lad in 4A who hopes to go on to Varsity next year and take up Engineering. Best of luck, John!

JOHNSON LIPSETT—is a good friend to all. He plans to go to Varsity next year, and the good wishes of all of us go with him.

KEN LITTLE—Ken is an Archery enthusiast and this year was president of the Archery Club. Ken's future is going to be built around a career in Commerce. Best of luck, Ken!

NOELENE McCLURE—is a quiet, dark-haired girl, who plans to go to Business College next year.

MARY McLAREN—is a gal who is never blue. She is a good sport and well liked by all who know her. Every success in later years, Mary!

SAM MILAVSKY—is one of the quietest lads in 4A. Sam is planning to go to Varsity next year. All his classmates wish him well in the future years.

DAVE MITCHELL—is the intellectual genius of Bedford. Dave is an active supporter of the Art Centre. Varsity will welcome Dave as he takes up his career specializing in foreign languages. We all know that you will succeed.

JACKIE MOIR—Jackie is one of Churchill's House Leaders. Upon completing Grade XII she will enter Business College. All your classmates wish you luck, Jackie.

NICK PATOLA—is Churchill's House Leader and an active member of the Senior Basketball team. Has delighted audiences in many Bedford College Nites. Planning to go to Varsity next year. Lots of luck!

ERMA PFEIFER—is a good natured gal liked by all. An active member of the Albani Choir this year. Erma is very interested in radio and music and would like to make one of these her vocation.

ELIZABETH PROCYSHEN—is quiet, pleasant and a fine friend. Elizabeth plans to go to Normal next year, and we know she will be a credit to the profession.

WALTER REBEYKA—is another newcomer to Bedford this year. Next year Walter plans to pursue his chosen profession, Pharmacy, at the U. of S. Good luck Walter from all your classmates.

STAN RIDDELL—is our Senior Watch and a mighty popular one too. Active participant in all sports, especially basketball and rugby. Hopes to go to B.C. Thanks for your swell leadership, Stan.

MARGARET ROSS—the gal with the natural curls tells us very little about herself, but if good marks are any indication, she's certain to go far.

HELEN SHERSTOBITOFF—Our Senior Pin is a prominent member of the Senior Basketball team. Helen plans to go on to the Green and White where she may major in Home Ec. You've been a fine Senior Pin, Helen,—good luck for the future!

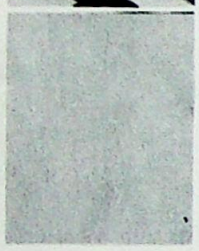
ROSA SIM—is a newcomer to Bedford this year who has made many friends. She is a member of the Albani Choir. She is planning to take a business course. Who's the lucky boss?

DOREEN SINCLAIR—a clever member of 12-C takes her studies very seriously. Like many others, Doreen is planning to take a Business Course.

DON SUTHERLAND—one of the quieter members of 12-C is very interested in curling. The University beckons Don to its massive halls where he will enroll in the College of Agriculture in the fall.

WAYNE STEEVES—is the reason teachers go grey. So far his plans are indefinite, but he will undoubtedly succeed, we feel sure.

MARY TKATCHUK—is another newcomer to Bedford, hailing from Domremy. Mary hopes to go to Normal upon completing her Grade XII.



HELEN YANOW—is a cheerful girl who doesn't let anything get her down. She is a conscientious student and will surely go far in later life.

12 IRWIN

MR. MANNING—our favorite Alderman has been our class teacher for a long while now, and we hope he has enjoyed the association as much as we have. We would like to wish him continued success and prosperity.

DORIS BARAGER—is our quiet, industrious student, seldom heard above the uproar of the room. Her future is undecided but we wish her the best of luck.

EDITH BIEBERT—is a pretty, blonde-haired girl, and a serious student. Studies come first to Edith, and for this reason we feel sure she'll be a great success.

ANNE HESFORD—is Irwin's House Leader, Cheerleader and Zoo Page Editor of the Lantern. Her favorite pastime is baby sitting (not alone by any means!) She is an excellent conversationalist and wants to be a teacher. We wish you success.

SAVELLA HEYKO—is our blonde femme with musical talent. Savella plans to take Commercial at Tech upon completing her Grade XII. Good luck to you Savella.

MARTIN KAWULKA—is a pleasant, dependable fellow who has singled out Varsity as his goal.

LYNETTE BLANCHARD — is Vice-President of 12-I and takes a keen interest in all activities, especialy dancing. Lyn would like to make a name for herself in the Ballet, and we all hope she will achieve this goal.

DOUG DODD—"Red" is the latest addition to our class and already his wavy red hair has attracted many a girl. We wish him the best of luck in whatever he wishes to do.

ALAN DOWNIE—is a slow drawling wit with a keen interest in rugby. Best of luck from 12-I in your chosen vocation, Al.

ONNALEE EMPEY—is clever and actively interested in sports, especially curling. She is a diligent student and is always willing to lend a helping hand. Good luck to you!

JOY HARGREAVES—is one of the popular belles of 12-I. She is Class President, Secretary of the T.P. Club and House Editor of the Lantern. Tries to convince Mr. Mac that she knows her figures. (One look at her and we *are* convinced!)

STAN HARBIN—is an all around good sport, and although he is a newcomer, has made a host of friends at Bedford. He took part in Irwin's play, and represented Bedford in the Bryant Oratory contest. Good luck, Stan!

NORMAN HENICK—our star on the Senior Basketball team, is also our bold, outspoken heartbreaker. His main interest at the moment seems to be a certain pretty Third Year.

EVELYN KLIMCHUK—is a newcomer, hailing from Hyas, Sask. She is a smart, pretty girl who is planning to take nursing at Varsity next year.

LOUISE KOLYSHER—is a pert, petite, and pretty member of 12-Irwin's basketball team. Louise is a good worker and meets with everyone's approval.

BETTY LONG—is our popular "lil chick" with a laughing personality, plus brains. Her ambition is to become a nurse. (Lucky patients!)

AILEEN McCLINTOCK — is captain of 12 Irwin's basketball team. Her dark, naturally curly hair is the envy of every girl. Aileen is full of vim and vigor, and her sparkling laugh catches the eye of many a lad.

EWEN McCUAIG—is our piano player deluxe, besides being secretary of 12-I. Another sincere hardworker, his quiet disposition and willing helpfulness have made him well liked by both girls and boys.

JACK MAHOOD—is our star tennis and baseball player. He enjoys swimming on his back—claims it's more restful. His ambition is to be a journalist, but he'll settle for being centre-fielder for St. Louis Cardinals!

OLGA MELNYK—is a bundle of fun and joy who never lets anything get her down. Her sweet and friendly personality will surely take her a long way towards success.

FERN MORTENSON—is a girl with "personality plus," who pays attention in class. Her quiet grace and kind ways are attributes which have won her many friends.

ELIZABETH NOWICKI—came to Bedford from Prud'homme, Sask., and is a very welcome addition to our class. She wants to be a nurse, and with her cheery smile we're sure she'll succeed.

BERNARD PERSICK—is said to like "wine, women and . . . women!" Bernie is a dark, handsome fellow, whose main ambition at the moment is to get a job. Good luck, Bernie!

SID SEARS—is Irwin's House Leader and hockey star. Sid has a variety of interests and is well liked around the school. Best of luck in your future occupation!

MIKE SENIUK—is a fair, handsome lad who is seen running into class late every morning. Mike's "cell mates" think a lot of him and wish him the best of everything in the future.

IVOR STEPHENS-NEWSHAM—is a quiet, friendly lad and always a pal to the individual who fails to do his homework. His aim is to go to University and take a course in Psychology.

FRANCES SUGARMAN — "Frankie's" friendly smile and helpfulness have made her one of the most popular members of the class. All in 12-I wish you the very best, Frankie!

PAT TOBIN—is a girl with a cheerful, friendly manner who never seems blue. She is going to be an Airline Stewardess "or bust."

HELEN TRISCHUK—is a girl who is a good sport and well liked by everyone. We are sure she will make a success of whatever career she chooses.

CLAIR WILSON—"Will" is a very likeable fellow who is usually responsible for the outbursts in the room. He is Club Editor of the Lantern and a keen curler. Lots of luck to you!

Invocation

O hear those bugles of the autumn breeze
Whose message vibrates, thrills through all the space,
Thou passing shadow of a ruddy race;
O heed their challenge ere thy day shall cease.
Usurped of birthrights, thy mind knows not peace
For thine was freedom, strength, and sans disgrace,
Erectly couldst thou walk while thou didst trace
Footprints of sages of the tribing Crees.
So rouse, O spirits of our fathers blest,
Our feeble pulse and our decaying nerve;
O, fan these flickering embers dimming fast!
Each autumn brings to us, who feel no rest,
Both dirge and invocation—songs which serve
To stir these dying relics of the past.

M. Halkett, 1940

UNDERGRADUATES

11 BALDWIN

Back row: Ross Perry, Eugene McCurdy, James Krock, Bill Kelly, Lloyd Ramsey, Steve Donnelly, Peter Kohut, Maurice Nekurak, Garry Doyle, Ted Dawson. Middle row: Roxy Hurst, Bohdan Diakiw, Marjorie Demoskoff, Inez Thompson, Mr. Dyck, Mary Appleton, Edna, Ireland, Emil Pishak, Harvey Smith. Front row: Peggy Brand, Hazel Winfield, Betty Stobbs, Slyvia Wasylciw, Beulah Berg, Gerry Roper, Kathleen Carmichael, Evelyn Hollingshead, Lois Howat, Elaine Olzewski.

11 ROOSEVELT

Back row: Ray Styranka, Don Antill, Don Robertson, Richard Rendek, Ivan Edwards, Len Brewer, Bill Hunter, Gerry Clackson, Gordon Olson, Bob Jamison, Alex Peskievits, Dave Gordon. Middle row: Harry Zubrecki Hedie Goerzen, Florence Payne, Rose Boyd, Jenny Brault, Mr. Chapman, Lois Bevan, Edna Tamke, Nettie Nekrasoff, Eddie Bradley, Pat O'Connor. Front row: Leslie Logan, Sheila Clark, Glenna Headley, Anna McKee, Marjorie Korol, Irene Sands, Joan Svoboda, Lorraine Arlinsky, Eva Bergstrom, Florence Cherry, Muriel Carley, Margaret Walberg.

11 CHURCHILL

Back row: Louis Vizer, Art Masuk, Don Hambleton, Jack Covey, Doug Cole, Bob Rawlyk, Don Burgess, Don Kemp, Ken Baldwin. Middle row: Bob Pirie, Jim Wilson, May Craig, Joy Patterson (vice-president), Joyce Tradal, Elizabeth Fisher, Mervyn Covish, Maurice Covish, Cliff Irvine (president). Front row: Helen Sikorski, Shirley Jackson, Shirley Willie, Betty Aldred, Miss Gregory, Caroline Puszkarenko, Marjorie Gasper, Edith Schwager, Edythe Moulton. Missing: Irene Klepak, Marian Konopka, Muriel Ljunggren, Mary Richlark, Elizabeth Slogotski.

11 IRWIN

Back row: Andy Muzyka, Lawrence Winton, Bernard Hulme, Rod Real, Glenn Boughton, Calvin Mills, Eddie Hayes, Mike Kolysher, George Listwin, Ross Gauthier, Wilf Johnston. Middle row: Kayla Claman, Wilma Tryyki, Mary Pacula, Dorothy Adamson, Molly Albert, Marjorie Antonik, Jean Cline, Norah Lake, Gladys Maduke, Love Chepyha, Gordon Ploss. Front row: Jean Sylvester, Shirley Jacobson, Damaris Hodges, Dawna Olstad. Mr. Lydiard, Marion Tarasoff, Pauline Broughton, June Blampied, Elaine Van Veen.

SOPHOMORES

10 BALDWIN

Back row: Albert Konowski, John Korda, Roy Laschuck, Walter Styranka, Ken Krausher, Dave Denholm, Joe Howorko, Harold Knutson, Ken Lewis, Ron Stilling, Bob Thomas, Walter Zaichowski, Ernie Michaluk, Frank Pereschitz, Del Davies. Middle row: Stan Walberg, George Sherban, Ken Booth, Vera Watson, Lillian Boychuck, Elsie Kuzminski, Mr. Headley, Helen Nazarenko, Lillian Klassen, Bertha Tryyki, Merden Schneider, Bob Power, Roy Selch, Alton Anderson, Lyle Piett. Front row: Shirley Backman, Doreen White, Sheila Dodsworth, Marguerite Spratt, Sheila McRuvie, Carol Lund, Noreen Mills, Shirley McMurphy, Delphine Galus, Kathleen Fidgett, Norma MacKellar, June Sweeney, Doreen Moore.

10 ROOSEVELT

Back row: Peter Sawula, Bennie Habetler, Lorne Ellis, Gordon Thomas, Don McDonald, Walter Woloshin, Ian MacKay, Jim Ozeroff, Ron Swanson, Kyle Pollack, Nick Donaleshen. Middle row: Bill Williams, Verna Hebert, Gladys Prickett, Elaine Ramnes, Victoria Baran, June Bergstrum, Shirley Leard, Isobel Main, Mary Budz, Helen Heyko, Yvonne Baldwin, Joe Melnyk. Front row: Leona Schroeder, Roberta Abbott, Henrietta MacKay, Elsie Olynyk, Betty Thier, Mrs. Morgan, Lorraine Crawford, Edith Woodward, Ivona Cooper, Doreen Bauer, Meryl Stephenson, Shirley Wilson. Missing: Dolores Graham, Dave Miller, Jean Neelin, Don Siemens.

10 CHURCHILL

Back row: Gordon Stewart, Jack Weber, Ron Oates, Bud Dawson, Bruce Edwards, Gordon Crocker, Clarence Dodd, Albert Edelman, Ivan MacLaren, Bud Kerslake, Ross Doherty. Middle row: Dorothy McConnell, Joyce Groves, Dolores Cody, Noreen Bradwell, Josephine Bradwell, Josephine Midinsky, Beverly Hill, Ruth Lipsett, Lillian Senick, Norma Hayes, Joan Woodward, June Katzman. Front row: Jean Christie, Helen Siurko, Marjorie Linwood, Lois Gould, Mr. Dobson, Shirley Robertson, June Bolley, Marguerite Smith, Shirley Schwanbeck. Missing: Florence Lindross, Vern Monson, Mary Schmidt, Paul Voykin.

10 IRWIN

Back row: John Hall, Hugh Morrell, Bayard Reesor, Jacky Magdalen, Walter Kloeble, Robert Pulak, Clayton Swalwell, Bob Sotnikow, Bob Lee, Cliff Baskin, Archie Chaben, Ray Listwin, Ken Kinsley, Darl Yoos, Bruce Thomas. Middle row: Vernon Lawton, Bernice Clancy, Ruth Antill, Evelyn Moran, Marlene Rosen, Shirley Clark, Shirley Mainville, Mr. McPherson, Opal Andahl, Mona Drewes, Leila Knight, Georgina Skinner, Marion Stuart, Mary Roshack, Elfrieda Berndt. Front row: Janet Cryer, Alice Kowsluk, Viola Moore, Jean Jackson, Frances Hrytsak, Anna Gadycz, Joan Toombs, Joan Legg, Betty Hunter, Joyce Cowell, Marjorie Matheson, Ione Craig. Missing: Mike Horbay.

FRESHMEN

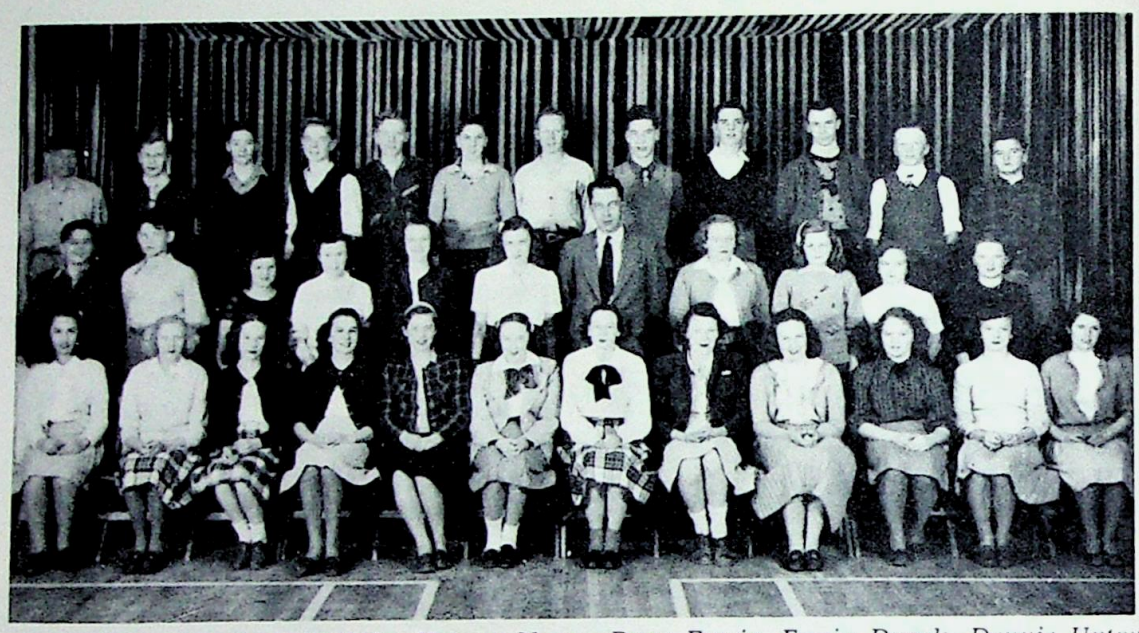
9 BALDWIN

Back row: John Harder, Gregory Barnsley, Ron Bloomfield, Bill Neill, Glen Hollingshead, Ken Van Velzer, Stewart Beebe, Don Jackson, Ron Davies, Keith Meakin, Tom Cole, Daryl Olstad. Second row: Mary Hucal, Gwen Caston, Jackie Armstrong, Joan Chennells, Marion McNeil, Dolores Olson, Joyce Cranston, Eloise Hubick, Sybil Heggie, Jean Ross, Stan Thomas. Front row: Gwen Ormrod, Daryl Baldwin, Isabelle Gemmell, Ina Kendall, Miss Day. Louella Kell, Ellen Van Allen, Dorothy Leivis, Olive Nekwak. Absent: Vina King, Jean Moore, Ruth Katzman.

9 ROOSEVELT

Back row: Vernon Schwager, Willis Warner, Ken Summers, George Ninkovitch, Gerry Moir, Morris Sawaka, Calvin Fast, Ronald Bell, Don Potter, Lloyd Skargard. Middle row: Ronald Tribe, Bill Graham, Lillian Griffith, Betty Ruttledge, Mabel Kreutzweiser, Olive Bocking, June Bird, Pete Voykin, Bob Learmonth, John Sands, Keith Scissons, Melvin Prichett. Front row: Dolores Grant, Corinne Logan, Vondella Nidoski, Betty Wahl, Irene Peppley, Florence Aksaniuk, Mr. Fisher, Joan Shaw, Gertrude Tarasoff, Joyce Muller, Della Heyko, Freda Day.

9 CHURCHILL



Back row: Tony Kulbida, Murray Moore, Doug Bowie, Erwin Dueck, Dennis Upton, Gary Whittaker, Rodney Erickson, Gerald Cyprus, Ernest Gallagher, Ken Aukland, Larry Langley, Marvin Bisal. Middle row: Bobby Yanow, Jack MacLean, Margaret Leith, Grace Urton, Ruth Lawson, Stefanie Hrycak, Mr. Rashley, Norma Dawson, Joan Weatherhead, Phyllis Gessell, Betty Castor. Front row: Vera Moroz, Lavina Lorenz, Jacqueline Riecken, Jean Sikorski, Beverley Way, Bernice Randall, June Williams, Shirley Ponto, Margaret Forrest, Hildegard Priess, Rosalie Bobyn, Virginia Fisher.

9 IRWIN

Back row: Aaron Arlinsky, Bill McClintock, Doug Morrison, Jack Smith, Murray Pyke, Bill Sharpley, Don McKenzie, Stan Maduke, Bob Appleton, Walter Rogers, Glen Pierce, Walter Zubrecki. Middle row: Verna Chennells, Nettie Humeniuk, Margaret Toews, Ieleen Berg, June Sinclair, Jean Jones, Kaye Fitzgerald, Alvera Kotlar, Betty Toth, Violet Irvine, Margaret Power, Shirley Entwisle, Elaine Breese. Front row: Phyllis Loughton, Lillie Harms, Burness Christie, Rita Venables, Florence Senick, June Giesbrecht, Mr. Tufts, Shirley Lambert, Cora Lambert, Cora Rutledge, Olive Ann White, Ethel Clark, Viola Cottrell.

ALUMNI . . .

25th Anniversary Celebrations

THE WEEK of March 1st was the big event of the year both for the school and its many graduates. Four days out of the week were given to the celebration of B.R.C.I.'s twenty-fifth anniversary, and the old school, gaily decorated in red and white, was host to many friends. Each room was decorated appropriately by its own students, and the Home and School Club participated in the celebration as a new but important part of Bedford Road. Former students were invited to return to the familiar halls and exceptional opportunities were given to renew old associations. Large numbers of old grads and their friends stopped to look through the old magazines at the Lantern booth and carry away the red and white souvenir programs, which duplicated, as far as possible, the contents of the program for the original opening ceremony.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, March 3rd, the entire student body assembled in the gym for the rededication of the Bedford Colors.

"It is fitting that the Bedford Road colors be rededicated to the present student body on the occasion of the school's 25th anniversary," the Rev. A. B. B. Moore, principal of St. Andrew's College, said in presenting the school colors to the Senior Pin, Helen Shertobitoff, and the Senior Watch, Stan Riddell.

Mr. Moore read the dedication while the student body stood at attention as he handed the colors to the representatives. He rededicated the colors to the high service for which they had stood in the past twenty-five years and what they would stand for in the future.

The White stands for purity or sincerity and the Red for sacrifice. Mr. Moore hoped that the students would keep this in mind and think of others.

Former student and Senior Watch, Lorne Richardson, gave a brief account of the school's history since March 29, 1923, mentioning the highlights and the part the school had played in the community.

Also present at the service were the original Senior Watch, Mr. Fred Chapman, and Senior Pin, Mrs. Grace Douglas (formerly Grace Gunning).

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

TEACHERS GREETED former students, parents visited classrooms, while friends read messages of congratulations that were pinned to the bulletin board, admired old class pictures and wandered into the auditorium for tea. These were some of the happenings Wednesday afternoon, March 3rd, at the reception held at Bedford Road in connection with its twenty'fifth anniversary celebrations.

There was excitement everywhere. Members of the staff acted as hosts, students served as guides, while guests looked into this room and that. Red and white souvenir programs were distributed and school magazines of the past formed an attractive display. It was "old home week" for the alumni and an imposing feature of the afternoon was the prearranged entrance of a group of original students that called for a picture. Many other pictures were taken in the tea room and the halls, catching informal glimpses of visitors and staff.

The auditorium was gaily decorated with the school colors and along the walls the years in the past quarter century fluttered from a central festoon. Small tables were centred with great clusters of spring flowers and the tea table was lighted with tapers in branched holders and decked with a mixed bouquet and a tiered birthday cake.

Red and white streamers decorated the main hall and huge welcome signs greeted the guests at each door. Classrooms were bedecked with House and school colors and blackboards were filled with noted members of the classes.

The tea was served by the Bedford Home and School Association and welcoming the hundreds of guests were Mrs. W. H. Lawson, the president, Mrs. J. R. MacKay, Mrs. J. H. MacLennan and Mrs. B. Edwards. Performing the tea honors were Mrs. W. Douglas, Mrs. F. H. Chapman, Mrs. J. L. McKinnon and Mrs. R. N. Anderson, while members of the Home and School Club and Fourth Year girls assisted with the serving.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

GREETINGS and congratulations on the occasion of Bedford's anniversary were extended by educational and civic institutions and the Collegiate Board. Representatives were headed by Mayor MacPherson, A. Cameron, Council of Social Agencies, Prof. Manley Champlin, Board of Trade, Prof. E. A. Hardy, High School Board, Dr. C. A. Oulton, superintendent of public schools, R. N. Anderson, representative of high schools, Dr. G. R. Anderson, Normal School, Dr. S. R. Laycock, University.

Mr. Woodrow Lloyd, Minister of Education, addressed the parents, alumni and civic delegates.

Teachers, trustees and students had together built more than a school, or made graduates in the last twenty-five years, Mr. Lloyd said. "They have contributed to our democracy with leaders in war and peace."

Mr. Lloyd congratulated those whose idea it was to observe the anniversary and said, "such occasions passed too often unwept and unsung." It provided an opportunity to review old acquaintances and experiences.

Former Senior Watches and Pins present were then introduced to the audience.

Lorne Richardson, Senior Watch 1942-43, gave a history of Bedford Road Collegiate from 1923 to 1948.

Musical solos were presented by Peggy Hill, 1942-43, vocal, and Elizabeth Rogaman, 1946-47, violinist.

The Anniversary Review

THE ANNIVERSARY REVIEW was staged in the auditorium on Tuesday and Thursday, March 2nd and 4th. The show opened with a number by 50 girls in the school chorus, and included a ballet dance, a tumbling act, dancing, songs, and an acrobatic act. The last half hour was broadcast over CFQC by Jack Cennon and his Primrose Ranch Gang, well known radio artists, many of whom were originally Bedford Road students.

The program also included Gene Philips, vocalist, and Edwin Nylvek and John Kolynchuk in a violin duet. Others taking part included Peggy Hill, Marjorie Cooper, Jack Lydiard, Beryl Bottomley, Pauline Hay and the Hamilton sisters.

The Alumni Dance---March 5

Take the Bessborough ballroom, add happy chatter, exquisite gowns, lovely corsages, the music of Ken Peaker and we have none other than the annual alumni dance. To set it off to a good start we had as our patrons and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. F. Chapman, and Mr. F. MacDonald.

A crowd of 318 couples danced from 9 to 12 with the last half hour being broadcast over CFQC. Many happy couples were interviewed by Jack Cennon and a "wandering mike," and our Mr. Mackay gave a brief "Hello" to the many radio listeners throughout the province.

As the evening draws to a close, we are inclined to look to the 25 years of the future rather than at the 25 years of the past.

Distinguished Alumni

ETHEL CATHERWOOD—who won the Olympic championship of the world for high jumping in 1928. It is seldom in the history of a collegiate that the school has the honor of having a "world champion" graduate. Ethel is now living in Eastern Canada. Although many miles from her former friends and school-mates, she is still well remembered.

IRENE BUBNIUK—An outstanding pianist who graduated from B.R.C.I. in 1945. She received a scholarship to attend the Royal Conservatory of Music in England that year and is still in Europe furthering her studies in music.

CRAIG MACKAY—who graduated from Bedford in 1946, has been outstanding in his achievements in speed skating. This year he attended the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, as a member of the Canadian speed skating team.

PAT LAWSON—our last year's Senior Pin, has been outstanding as a speed skater. This year she captured the Canadian speed skating championship for ladies. Our only regret is that there is no world's championship for ladies' speed skating in the Olympics, for we are sure she would have captured that title also.

KAY SUTHERLAND—a student of this year, who won the Canadian championship for dairy judging at the national contest at Toronto in November, 1947. Kay is in her fourth year at Bedford and we wish her all the best of luck in the furtherment of her work in agricultural fields.

Anniversary Visitors

A NUMBER of students who attended B.R.C.I. in its opening years were able to celebrate with us on our 25th anniversary and we hope that they will be back again soon. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Heuchert	1923
Mrs. R. H. Jenner	1923
Mrs. P. E. McGonigle (Lake)	1923
Mrs. H. Buckle	1923
Fred H. Chapman (Senior Watch)	1923
Mrs. David Jenkins	1924
Edith Hagerman	1924
Mrs. D. C. MacLeod	1925
Mrs. H. Ball	1925
Mrs. V. Pinchbeck	1925
Laurence Hutton	1925
Kay Hagerman	1925
Marie Irwin	1925
Mrs. Margaret Dinwoodie Russel	1925
Mrs. Amanda (Ruthven) Pooke	1925
James M. Campbell	1926
Miss Bessie Cornelius	1926
Hazel (Campbell) Dawton	1926
Mrs. Stanley Brehn	

School Leaders of 25 Years

Senior Watches---1923 to 1948

Frederick H. Chapman	1922-23
Stanley Joseph Partridge	1923-24
James H. Aitchison	1924-25
James M. Campbell	1925-26
Allan Clare Hume	1926-27
Michael W. Galgan	1927-28
Archibald F. Laird	1928-29
Bertram L. Sharp	1929-30
Walter Kalmusky	1930-31
Henry Orville Richardson	1931-32
Cameron James Craik	1932-33
Harold Douglas Weaver	1933-34
Gilbert Stuart Swain	1934-35
John A. McQueen	1935-36
Eric Charles Carpenter	1936-37
Grenvill G. Graham	1937-38
Charles Cuthbert	1938-39
James Howard Buller	1939-40
John Alexander McInnes	1940-41
John Verdner Humphries	1941-42
Lorne Ellard Richardson	1942-43
John Victor Montgomery	1943-44
P. W. Robert Marchant	1944-45
Robert Clayton Condon	1945-46
William Kenneth Maynard	1946-47
Stanley William Riddell	1947-48

Senior Pins---1923 to 1948

Grace Gunning	1922-23
Ruth Kirkpatrick	1923-24
Mildred Wright	1924-25
Naomi Bond	1925-26
Mae MacMillan	1926-27
Isabel Kirkpatrick	1927-28
Thelma Grace McGowan	1928-29
Mildred Elizabeth Craik	1929-30
Ruth Irene Millhouse	1930-31
Emily Josephine Ross	1931-32
Christina Margaret McQueen	1932-33
Aileen Elaine Way	1933-34
Mary Alexandra MacLean	1934-35
Patricia Kirkpatrick	193,-36
Rhoda Elizabeth Playfair	1936-37
Isabel Martin Hagerman	1937-38
Pearl Gertrude Zest	1938-39
Frances Avery Hagerman	1939-40
Elizabeth Noreen McNay	1940-41
Gladys Edna Marlow	1941-42
Alyce Minette Condon	1942-43
Christina Maria Reichardt	1943-44
Marian Helen Hammersley	1944-45
Aileen Ruth Anderson	1945-46
Patricia Ann Lawson	1946-47
Helen Sherstobitoff	1947-48

Telegrams and Messages of Congratulation

NAME	ADDRESS
J. B. Kirkpatrick	Regina, Sask.
Lloyd G. S. Newsham	S.R.C., McGill University
Mrs. W. A. Taylor (nee Sue Elliott)	Salmo, B.C.
F. M. Holmes	303 Airdrie Road, Toronto, Ont.
A. R. MacKenzie	1768 Williams Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Keith Lathey	R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ont.
Keith Crocker	375 Claremont Ave., Westmount, Quebec
Ronald H. Smith	Allan, Sask.
Lovina (Butt) Buchanan	Biggar, Sask.
Inez (Roper) McKenzie	Regina, Sask.
Flora D. Thrasher (nee Flora Dobson)	10043 154 St., Edmonton, Alta.

Harry Puller	High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.
Arthur and Etha Ellis	2866 W 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.
Tom Dunlap	Sarasota, Fla.
Mrs. Herman Pflug (nee Bertha Mukari)	Lucky Lake, Sask.
Beryl (Angus) Cameron	Marriatt, Sask.
Mrs. J. Snell (nee Mildred Price)	Port Hardy Airport
C. P. Seeley	Burlington, Ont.
N. MacDonald	465 California St., San Francisco 4, Calif.
Aileen (Way) Batting	
Mrs. Roy Fielding (nee Florence Feader)	Eston, Sask.
Mr. & Mrs. Clare Hume (nee Clara Burbidge)	Saskatoon, Sask.
John L. Nicol	Saskatoon, Sask.
Al A. Waschuk	
Mrs. E. McDonald	3025 Victoria Avenue, Regina
Aden Bowman	Saskatoon, Sask.
E. M. Follens	Dayler Hotel, Victoria, B.C.
Walter Karen (Katarenchuk)	Vancouver, B.C.
Paul Bissky F/L	R.C.A.F. Station, Fort Nelson, B.C.
Tom and Dorothy Boyd (nee Dorothy MacLean)	1372 Williams Street, North Battleford, Sask.
E. D. Feehan	St. Mary's Separate School, Saskatoon
Peter Trim	University of British Columbia
Howard Nixon	University of British Columbia
Don Jackson	11222 91st Street, Edmonton, Alta.
Jim Buller	24 Suffolk St., Toronto
John Farrell	Lucky Strike Bungalows, 3490 Kingsway, Vancouver,
A. S. Ross	13 West 602 St., Shanks Village, Rockland County,
Jean W. Taylor	1438 Arbutus St., Vancouver, B.C.
Jack and Edith Munroe	Medicine Hat, Alberta
Dorothy Drinkle Power	521 3rd Ave. E., Swift Current, Sask.
Millard Wakeford	1936 E. 36th St., Tulsa, Okla.
Mollie G. Hicks (nee Mollie Gertrude Hoff)	Box 458, Powell River, B.C.
Percy Vergin	Clarkdon, Ont.
C. A. Cooke	415 Hilson Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Zora B. Olson (nee Zora Thompson)	Plenty, Sask.
Esther Wright Sutherland	119 Ossington Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Winnie (Drinkle) Elder	3985 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver
Dr. and Mrs. G. K. Graham (nee June Weaver)	Rosetown, Sask.
Mrs. Royette (Gemmell) Meier	Edmonton, Alta.
Violet Ostafichuk	Edmonton, Alta.
Joan McLaren	Edmonton, Alta.
Jack Snowden	Port Arthur, Ont.
Audrey and Ken Lewis	Halifax, N.S.
Margaret McQueen	San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. William Thomas (nee Myrtle Young)	Vancouver, B.C.
Mrs. J. B. Walsh (nee Ida Thiedi)	Toronto, Ont.
Wing Commander Dave Babineau	Ottawa, Ont.
Marianne F. Baerg	Fort William, Ont.
Lewis Brand	Stockholm, Sask.
Joyce Gibbons	Winnipeg, Man.
Evelyn Nicholson	Vancouver, B.C.
Mary E. Colley (nee Mary E. Binder)	Vancouver, B.C.
Olga Kolysher	Vernon, B.C.
Bob and Ruby Moore	Neilburg, Sask.
Mary Cooke (nee Mary Dobson)	Fort William, Ont.

SPORTS

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Back row: Mr. McEown, Jean Cowell, Nick Patola. Front row: Morris Anderson, Shirley Comstock, Ted Dawson, Mary Appleton, Glenn Boughton.

The Athletic Council

"Interhouse competition is the life of the school. Without these competitive diversions the spirit and enjoyment of the school would fall to a minimum."

Athletics are an important part of this life to those who indulge in such pastimes. This year, after considerable debate, the Athletic Council decided to purchase much badly needed equipment for the up and coming new activities of the school. The council encourages and supports not only sports for the energetically inclined but also for the more gentlemanly type such as curling and archery.

An energetic program of interhouse sports has been arranged in basketball, tennis and track. The council sincerely hopes that the athletic wants of all the students have been satisfied.

This year's council consisted of:

President	Ted Dawson
Vice-President	Glenn Boughton
Secretary-Treasurer	Mary Appleton
Student Council Reps	Shirley Comstock, Nick Patola
Committee Members:	Len Brewer, Morris Anderson, Damaris Hodges, Kay Sutherland, Jean Cowell
Equipment Manager	Don Burgess
Staff Representative	Mr. McEown

Bedford Boys Capture Basketball Title

The Stacey Cup again rests in the halls of Bedford Road Collegiate. The team came through in the two-game total-point series to defeat Tech by a 65-54 count. Bedford finished league play in a tie for the top spot, each with six wins and two losses. Anderson, Patola, Noonan, Henick and Cebrynsky all turned in terrific performances in the final. Not only these five, but the whole team and coaches are to be congratulated for their fine showing this season.

The team:

Nick Patola, forward: A fellow with a "never-say-die" spirit; one of our top scorers.

Pat Noonan, forward: A newcomer to our school and a valuable asset to any team; troubled with an old back injury.

Walter Cebrynsky, guard: Showed up very well on the guard line; alternated at centre; improved steadily.

Norm Henick, guard: Plays hard and consistently; an all round athlete.

SR. BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back row: Stan Riddell, Nick Patola, Jack Covey, Walter Cebrynsky, Jerry Mazyka, Pat Noonan.
Front row: Harold Milavsky, Les Edwards, Mr. McEwon, Morris Anderson, Norm Henick, Bill Abbott.

Harold Milavsky, forward: One of the most improved players on the team; good passer and fair shot.

Jack Covey, guard: First year on the team; a very capable player, recovers rebounds well.

Les Edwards: Played every position capably; tall and rangy; checks closely.

Stan Riddell, guard: Started the season slow but improved steadily; good passer.

Jerry Muzyka, guard: A good team player; strong defensively; a good ball carrier.

Bill Abbott, guard: First year on the team; good passer; unselfish with the ball.

Senior Girls' Basketball

OUR SENIOR GIRLS, although they did not make the finals, made a creditable showing in league play this year. They were defeated by City Park and Nutana twice, and by Tech once. However, they beat the School for the Deaf twice and Tech once. In the semi-finals they lost to City Park by a close margin.

Mrs. Carpenter built the team with an eye for the future by using several second and third year girls as regulars.

The team consisted of Verna Elke, Gerry Roper and Henrietta Mackay, centres; Bernice Day, Mary Appleton, Glenna Headly, Les Logan, forwards; Jean Cowell, Helen Sherstobitoff, Edith Rogoman, Betty Steel, Roxie Hurst, guards.

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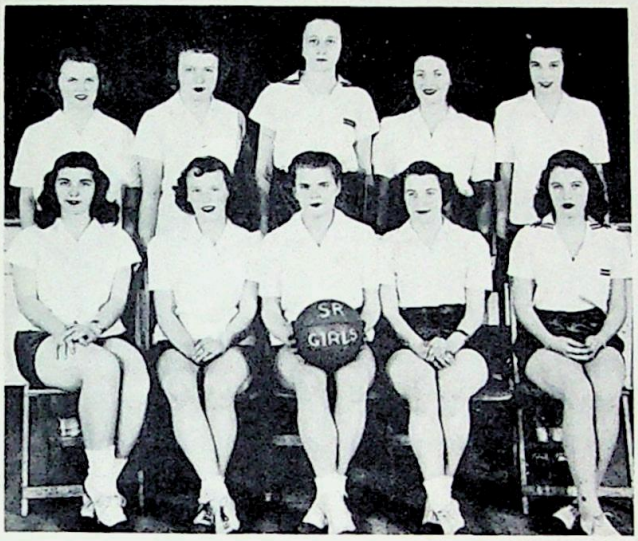
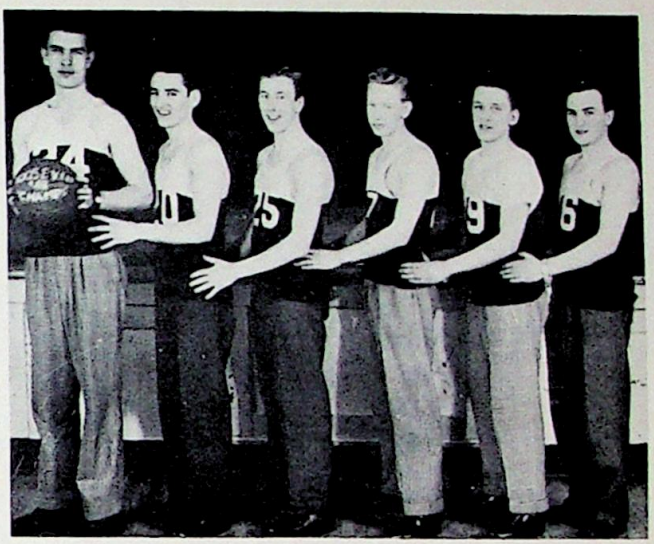


SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back row: Helen Sherstobitoff, Verna Elke, Bernice Day, Betty Steel, Henrietta Mackay. Front row: Jean Cowell, Glenna Headley, Leslie Logan, Edith Rogoman, Mary Appleton.



INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL

Ray Styranka, Bill Hunter, Len Brewer, Gordon Olson, Richard Rendek, Bob Jamieson.

Boys' Inter-House Basketball

BALDWIN COPPED THREE of the four titles in the Interhouse League this year. In first year, Baldwin won the league title but lost out in the intercollegiate round, while Ten Baldwin, after winning the second year title, went on to win the intercollegiate cup. In third year, Roosevelt also took top honors in both interhouse and intercollegiate, but Baldwin made a comeback in fourth year and won all but the intercollegiate games.

Competition is becoming keener in this sport and every year interest in it reaches a new high.

Tennis, 1946-47

THE BEDFORD tennis team of '46-47 was composed of Pat Lawson, Joan Denyer, Shirley McKee, Tom Jackson, Ken Hardy and Ken Maynard.

Pat Lawson won the girls' singles; Tom Jackson captured the boys' singles, and together they won the mixed doubles. The boys' doubles were won by Ken Hardy and Ken Maynard.

Together, the team was able to compile enough points to win the tennis cup as well as most of the individual honors.

Boys' Senior Baseball

Under the capable supervision of Mr. Dobson along with Ray Hamilton, their captain, the boys' senior baseball team completed another season of ball. In spite of such leadership the boys were unable to repeat their previous year's accomplishment by bringing back the cup.

Although they fought hard all season, the boys were unable to win a game during the regular schedule and lost a sudden death game to Tech in the semi-finals.

The team consisted of: Pat Surbey and Don Rorison, pitchers; Vic Sipko, catcher; Ray Hamilton, Jerry Munro, Del Davies, infielders; Don Sutherland, Nick Patola, Tom Dunlop, Garry Doyle and Don Burgess, outfielders.

Curling

CURLING NOW RATES along with basketball and hockey as the most popular winter sports at Bedford. If proof were needed for this statement, notice that seventeen rinks competed in the interhouse curling competitions, which were won by the Irwin girls' and Churchill boys' teams.

The girls' teams are especially to be congratulated for their showing in the city high school bon-

CURLING

Team 1: Clair Wilson, Ken Auckland, Don Kemp, Don Webb (skip). Team 2: Brian Little, Gordon Crocker, Doug Cole, Don Sutherland (skip).

GIRLS CURLING

Back row: Betty Neelin, Georgina Skinner, Irene Nykiforuk, Eva Bergstrom. Front row: June Bergstrom, Dot Coolidge, Onnalee Empey, (missing) Kay Jarvenpoa (skip).

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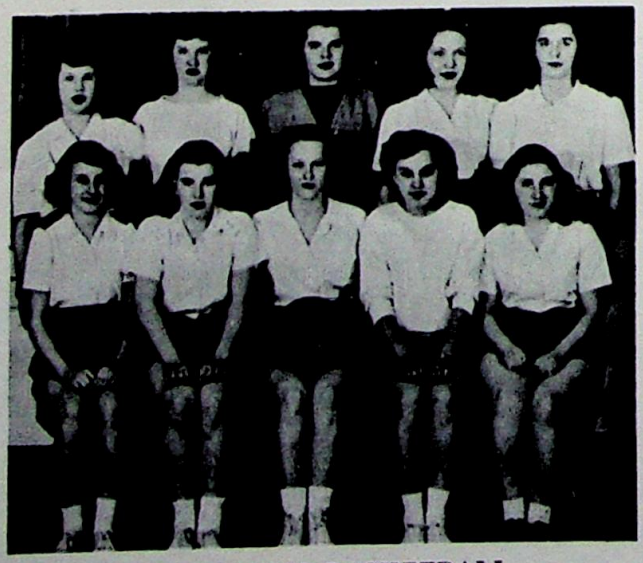


GIRLS HOUSE BASKETBALL

Back row: June Bird, Joyce Muller, Leslie Logan (coach), Delores Grant, Irene Peppley. Front row: Della Heyko, Corinne Logan, Betty Rutledge, Florence Aksaniuk, Betty Wahl.

spiel, in which they took first place. One rink was composed of Kay Jarvenpaa, skip, Audrey Hodgson, Georgina Skinner and Irene Nykiforuk. The second was skipped by Onnalee Empey with Dot Coolidge, Betty Neelin and June Bergstrom playing up in front of her. The two rinks compiled the most wins and thus took first place.

The boys were not as successful as the girls in the city 'spiel, but by the number of curling enthusiasts in the school it should not be long before Bedford is sending a rink to the Dominion High School championships. The junior rink was skipped by Don Sutherland. Others on the rink were Doug Cole, Gordon Crocker and Brian Little. Don Webb skipped the senior rink with Ken Auckland, Don Kemp and Clair Wilson backing him up.

Bedford was represented in the provincial bonspiel by a rink skipped by Don Webb. Don Sutherland played lead, Don Kemp second and Ken Auckland third. The teams tried hard but lost most of their games by one-point margins.

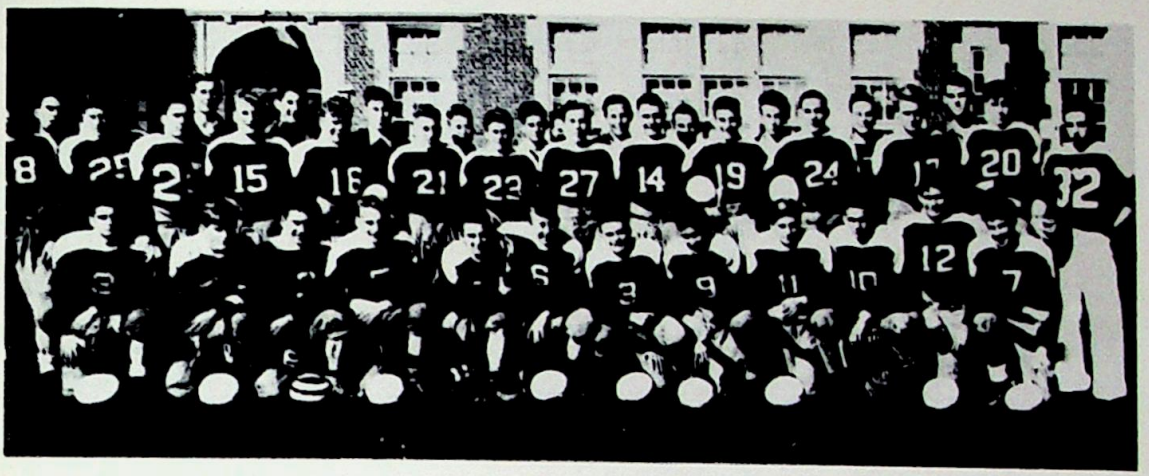
Thanks go to all teachers, and especially to Mr. Reesor, who showed such great enthusiasm in making curling one of the leading sports of the school.

Her Father: "Can you give my daughter the luxuries to which she has been accustomed?"

Suitor: "Not much longer. That's why I thought we'd better get married."

Visitor: "How did your horse happen to win the race?"

Jockey: "Well, I just kept whispering in his ear,
Roses are red
Violets are blue
Horses that lose
Are made into glue."



RUGBY

Rugby

THE RUGBY TEAM this year had rather a disappointing season. After winning the Northern Saskatchewan high school championship last year, the team lost most of their experienced players due to graduation.

The duel for last place in the league was between Bedford and Nutana. Each team won one game, so we will not say which team was the best.

Ted Dawson captained the team and did a good job of it. It was Ted's third year with the team but the calibre of his play was marred by an early season shoulder injury. Other highlights were Bill Hunter's drop-kicking, Norm Henick's passing, Tom Dunlap's crushing tackles and the end running of Burgess and Brewer. However, every man was in there "fightin'," and that's what makes a team.

Personnel—Centres, Downie, Muzyka, Hodges; guards, Richwa, Brown, McKee, Ramsay, Sutherland; tackles, Dawson, Dunlap, Clark, Matthews; ends, Persick, Edwards, Doyle, Anderson, Covey, Cebrynsky; quarters, Hunter, Rendek; halves, Burgess, Brewer, Riddell, Ellefson, Olekson, Henick, Davies, Little.

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Speed Skating

This is the first year that this sport has been given space in our year book. However, we have something to cheer about. The Dr. William Turnbull Trophy for the most points amassed by a collegiate, was won by a group of skaters from Bedford. Norma Hayes, Henrietta MacKay, Ruth Lawson, Cora Rutledge, Johnny Sands and Joyce Cowell made up the team. In the Saskatchewan and Alberta meets this group won more awards than can be listed here. Congratulations to you all! Bedford is proud of you.

SPEED SKATING

Back row: Norma Hayes, Henrietta Mackay, Ruth Lawson, Joyce Cowell. Front row: Doreen White, Johnny Sands, Cora Rutledge.

Volleyball

WHEN THE FLAILING of arms ceased in the fall, winners from each house in the four years were announced as follows: Grade XII, Churchill; Grade XI, Irwin; Grade X, Baldwin; Grade IX, Churchill.

The Grade XII Churchill squad ended with a clean slate—no losses—but was defeated in the intercollegiate game at Nutana.

Tech lost to the Grade XI Irwin girls in the volleyball league but outscored the locals in their next match.

The Grade X Baldwin girls, on top of the inter-house league, failed to play an intercollegiate game.

Last, but not least, the Grade IX Churchill girls were stopped in their attempts at championship volleyball by the Nutana girls.

The captains of these teams were assigned the responsibility of getting the teams out and did a fine job of it. Nice trying, anyway: D. Coolidge, Grade XII, Churchill; D. Hodges, Grade XI, Irwin; S. McRuvie, Grade X, Baldwin; G. Urton, Grade IX, Churchill.

Junior Hockey

DISPLAYING SPEEDY, effective forwards, hard-hitting defencemen, and a capable man in the nets, Bedford retained the cup for inter-collegiate junior hockey supremacy. They did not romp through the league undefeated as they did last year but they came through in the pinches.

In six games played, they won four, lost one and tied one. Nutana was the big stumbling block, their only loss resulting in a Nutana win. However, Bedford fought back in the all-important game to win by a close 3-2 score.

Ken Kingsley was in goal with Jack Smith, Ken Auckland, George Sherban and George Ninkovitch supplying him with plenty of protection on the blue line. Ron Davies, Rod Erickson and Bennie Habetler made up the first potent trio, Jackie Magdalin, Pete Voykin and Tony Kulbida formed another line, and the third was composed of Joe Melnyk, Stewart Beebe and Daryl Olstad.

Thanks, Mr. Headley, for your patience and championship coaching.

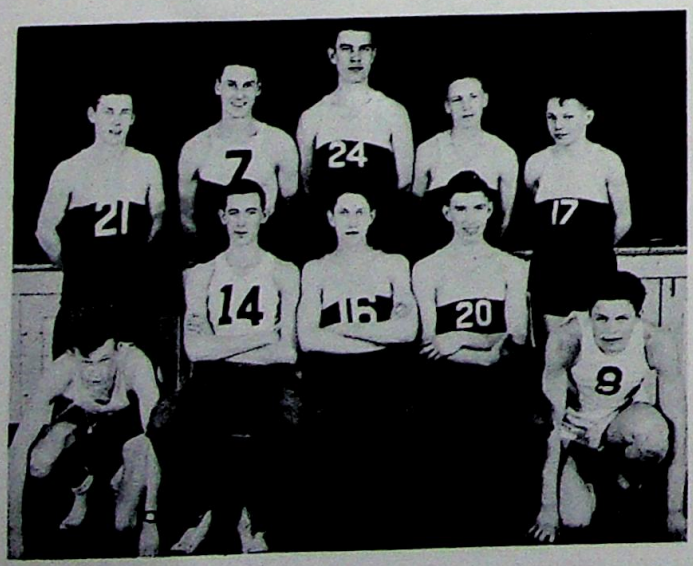
Senior Soccer

IT WAS A HARD SEASON for the soccer team, but the same old Bedford spirit still prevailed. A number of new faces appeared in the lineup, but these boys were former public school stars and were soon able to adapt themselves to high school soccer.

In regular play, one game was tied and the rest lost to City Park, Nutana and Tech. Some of the

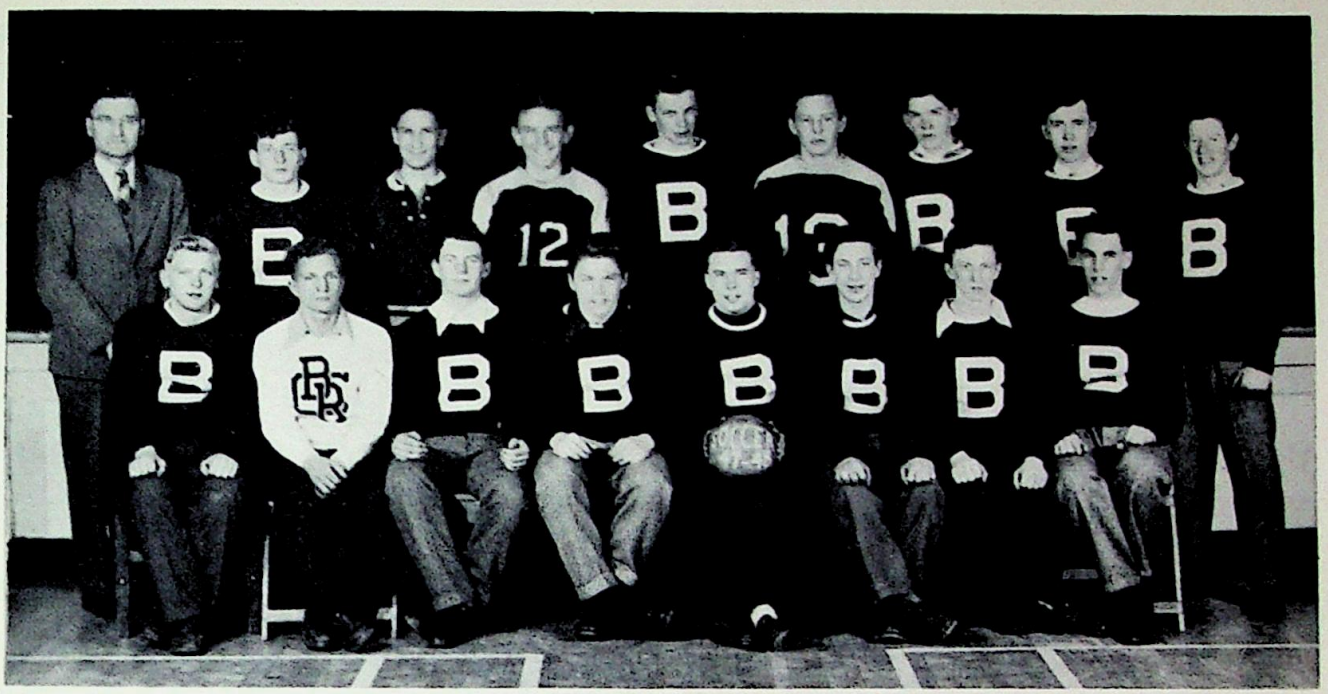
ROAD RACE

Back row: Ray Listwin, Ted Dawson, Ray Styranka, Bennie Habetler, Ron Hodges. Front row: Mike Seniuk, Walt Cebrynsky, Harvey Smith, Eddie Hayes, Nick Patola.



GIRLS SOFTBALL— 1947

Back row: Edith Rogoman, Mary Appleton, Mr. McPherson, Lil Seniuk, Florence Cherry. Front row: Leslie Logan, Jean Cowell, Glenna Headley.



SOCCER

Back row: Mr. Fisher, Ron Bell, Cliff Irvine, George Sherban, Nick Woloshin, Ray Pacholek, Paul Voykin, Hugh Best. Front row: Ron Swanson, Harry Zubrecki, Don McDonald, Nick Patola, Darl Yoos, Ron Davies, Ken Booth, Bill Abbott.

losses were real heartbreakers while the others were clean-cut victories for our opponents.

Team members were as follows: Goal, Woloshin, Zubrecki; fullbacks, Swanson, Pacholek, Rawlyk; halfbacks, Abbott, Best, Davies, Irvine, MacDonald, Patola; forwards, Booth, Krausher, Sherban, Sikorski, P. Voykin, Power, Yoos (captain).

The team is especially to be commended for their fine spirit of co-operation with the coach, Mr. Fisher, and captain, Darl Yoos.

Track, 1947

BEDFORD was represented by a senior and junior track team at Griffiths Stadium in the annual meet. Bill Campbell, Ken Hardy, Mert Bourke, Tom Dunlap and Jerry Munroe made up the senior team, while Terry Maher, Nick Patola, Glen Boughton, Norm Henick and Harvey Smith composed the junior team.

In the annual interhouse track meet, seven school records were broken. Pat Lawson broke two and equalled another. Marjorie Matheson, Norma Hayes, Tom Dunlap, Terry Maher and Don Pallen were the other record breakers.

Inter-House Soccer

Interhouse soccer enjoyed another good season. The weather held and all games were played according to schedule. Thanks are due to Mr. Fisher for his kind co-operation as referee of the games. The boys showed throughout a sportsmanship which is a credit to their houses and school.

The Interhouse Trophy was won by Churchill, which was captained by Nick Patola. The other houses finished in order, Baldwin, Roosevelt and Irwin.

The Star.Phoenix Road Race

OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS go to Harvey Smith for winning the junior division of the annual Star-Phoenix Road Race this year.

Harvey won easily, leaving his competitors far behind in the dust. He won for us this year the cup Terry Maher brought to our collegiate last year. Here's hoping that we can retain it next year.

The junior and senior teams were composed of Ray Styranka, Ted Dawson, Walter Cebrynsky, Nick Patola, Ron Hodges, Benny Habetler, Eddie Hayes, Mike Seniuk and Ray Listwin.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Back row: Del Davies, Walter Banting, Don Burgess, Bill Hunter, Len Brewer, Sid Sears, Gerry Clackson, Bob Rawlyk. Front row: Lloyd Ramsey, Nick Donaleshen, Harry Zubrecki, Cliff Irvine, Mervyn Covish, Ron Hodges.

Senior Boys' Hockey

OUR SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM did not make as much progress this year as we had hoped, but by the number of third year players on the team we should be sending out a strong aggregation next season.

The team lacked finesse around the opposing team's goal, thus missing many golden opportunities.

Pete Sikorski and Don Kemp alternated in goal with Sid Sears, Don Burgess and Mervyn Covish on defence. Bill Hunter, Gerry Clackson and Del Davies teamed up on the first line. Bob Rawlyk, with Bud and Ron Hodges formed the second one. The third line was the most potent trio with Harvey Zubrecki at centre and Nick Donaleshen and Len Brewer on the wings.

Mr. Headley spent a great deal of time in coaching the boys. He, too, has ideas of a championship team next year.

JUNIOR TEAM

Terry Maher, Nick Patola, Glen Boughton, Norm Henick, Harvey Smith.

Traffic Cop: "Didn't you hear my whistle?"
Joy H.: "Yes, but you're wasting your time. I'm going steady."

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JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back row: George Ninkovitch, Jack Smith, Daryl Olstad, Ken Kingsley, Rod Erickson, Stewart Beebe, George Sherban. Front row: Tony Kulbida, Peter Voykin, Jackie Magdalin, Bennie Habetler, Ron Davies, Joe Melnyk.

SENIOR TEAM

Bill Campbell, Ken Hardy, Mert Bourke, Tom Dunlap, Jerry Munroe.

Mother (to her freshman son, Rodney E): "Were you placed in the highest division?"

Rodney: "No, Mother, but the teacher says I'm the smartest one left in the lowest."

She was pensive when I met her
Sadness was on her brow.
But my chequebook made her happy,
And she's ex—pensive now.

Wife: "That husband of mine is certainly a worm."

Neighbor: "He certainly is. I just saw a chick pick him up."

The man who saves nowadays isn't a miser; he's a wizard.

* * *

DOG STORY

"That's a nice dog—is he intelligent?"

"Intelligent! Yesterday when I went out, I stopped and asked: 'Fido, what have we forgotten?"

"Did he run back and get it?"

"No, he sat down and scratched behind his ear. He was wondering what it could be."

* * *

The proud father speaking of the intelligence of his son, said to his wife: "You know, dear, I think he must've got his brains from me."

"He certainly must have," retorted his wife. "I've still got mine."

* * *

Teacher: "Tommy, can we eat the flesh of a whale?"

Tommy: "Yes."

Teacher: "Good boy. And what do we do with the bones?"

* * *

Henry: My dear, I really don't believe you can ever teach that dog to obey you.

Mrs. Peck: Nonsense, darling. Remember how obstinate you were when we first were married?

* * *

"Now, children, can anyone tell me the meaning of 'unaware'?"

A tiny hand waved frantically in the air.

"Please ma'am, 'unaware' is what you put on first and take off last."

* * *

Easy Chair: The hardest one to find empty.

Compliment: The applause that refreshes.

Hobby: Hard work that you would be ashamed to do for a living.

Kollegiate Korn

Mr. Chapman: " . . . being employment or misemployment." Sid! Will you stop talking! What were you telling Clair?

Sid: Sir, I was just telling him I'd like to meet her.

Mr. Chapman: Meet who?

Sid: Misemployment.

Mr. McPherson: Where's your pencil, Gordon?

Gordon S.: I ain't got one.

Mr. McPherson: How many times have I told you not to say that. Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, they haven't got one.

Gordon: Well, where is all the pencils?

A forlorn-looking youngster wandered up to a clerk in the shoe department.

"What's the matter, sonny? asked the man sympathetically.

"Please sir," wailed the child, "have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

Q: Do clever men make good husbands?

A: Clever men don't become husbands.

"My son went to the U.S.A. ten years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?"

"I really don't know for certain, but the State of New York is offering twenty thousand dollars for information about him."

William Smith obtained a job as a gardener in a large estate. The mistress took great interest in the garden and one day asked: "And how's my sweet william this morning?"

Smith, rather taken aback, replied: "Well, if it's going to be like that, call me Bill."

TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

Act 1—Bull and two toreadors.

Act 2—Bull and one toreador.

Act 3—Bull.

A thriving nut shop boasts:

"If our peanuts were any fresher they'd be insulting."

Mr. Headley: "It's 2 o'clock; about time Glenna's boy friend went home."

Mrs. Headley: "Now, Glen, remember how we used to court."

Mr. Headley: "That settles it. Out he goes!"

Mr. Lydiard: "Order, boys, order!"

Fourth Year Boys (in unison): "Beer!"

Mr. Chapman: "Say, young man, are you the teacher here?"

Gerry C.: "No, sir, I'm not."

Mr. Chapman: "Well, then, don't try talking like an idiot."

Teacher: "Why were you late for school today?"

Audrey: "Well, the man following me was rather slow."

Edith W.: "Do you think mushrooms are dangerous?"

Lorraine C.: "Gosh, do they have special rooms for that, too?"

A doctor who was superintendent of the Sunday School asked one of the boys this question:

"Willie, what must we do in order to get to heaven?"

"We must die," said Willie.

"Very true," replied the doctor, "but what must we do before we die?"

Willie said: "We must get sick and send for you."

Autographs

Bravery Counts

(Continued from page 15)

George: Yam and his men are short of rations and ponies.

Sylvia: But this is good for our chances, George.

George: For some of our chances, Syl.

Isabel: Some?

George: We start to move north in one hour. Only three of us go with him.

Sylvia: Well?

George: The other four will—will die before he starts.

Isabel: The other four—oh no! No! No!

George: Yam means what he says, my dear.

Sylvia: Well— tell us. Which of us—don't go?

George: That's the worst of it. He refuses to say who goes. It's our choice. He doesn't care. It's just a matter of arithmetic as far as he is concerned.

Isabel: But how can we—the children, George! There are four of them—it means—how can we?

(She breaks down)

George: We must face it my dear. As if we were on a sinking ship and there was only room for three in the only life boat. These things happen. We must do what we can . . .

Sylvia: Yes. Have my handkerchief, Isabel — it's cleaner. Now listen! We've got to be sensible and dispassionate—and frank, frank about everything. If we lose our heads we may make a really bad mistake.

Isabel: I'm sorry, George. I'll do my best.

George: I know you will, dear. We must all put on a good front before Yam.

Sylvia: In front of . . .

George: Yes. He proposes to be present while we decide. It may be a good thing for it'll help us be dispassionate.

Isabel: Dispassionate!

George: We've got to achieve that—unless we want to be hysterical or raving mad over the whole thing. But there's one consolation. The children will know nothing about it, if . . .

Sylvia: You mean . . . they'll . . . be the ones to go . . . in their sleep . ..painlessly?

George: Yes. I've his word for that! Queer devils—I've believed somehow that he's honestly sorry to force us into this decision.

Isabel: Sorry! I'd like to know where you get that idea! That cruel inhuman brute—do you realize, Sylvia, that ONE of the children at least will have to . . . *(She breaks down again.)*

George: Steady, Isabel. My dear—please—*(outside the hut door, the sentry is seen coming to attention.)*

George: Here is Yam now.

Isabel: *(somewhat hysterical)* All right, George. I'll do my best not—not to disgrace your rank.

Sylvia: *(sharply)* Isabel!

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(General Yam Yosimitsu comes past the sentry into the hut. He is wearing general's uniform which is a khaki tunic, and breeches, decked with gold braid, boots and spurs and a cavalry sabre.) .....

Yam: I hope I'm not intruding?

Sylvia: Oh, not at all.

Yam: I am glad. The Master has said 'Make no movement which is contrary to just principle.'

Isabel: Is it principle, as you call it, to murder children in their sleep?

George: Now Isabel, please!

Yam: It's nothing. Men of principle are sure to be bold, but bold men are not always men of principle.

George: My wife is a little . . . upset. She only heard . . .

Yam: I understand. I will not interrupt your proceedings. But don't forget the words of the Master. Then you will not blame yourself.

George: That's arguable. But what isn't arguable is this . . . I can do nothing if I survive.

Isabel: George! Why?

George: Why! Use your imagination for a moment, my dear. The headlines would read "Sir George Barker, of the British Consular Service, leaves his wife, another woman and several children to meet a cruel death, while he gets off scot free. I should have to change my name and disappear. My name and myself would be outcast —no, no thank you. You can count me out on that one. I hate to die but I prefer to die quickly than endure a death in life. That's exaggeration. It's a fact folks. Like it or lump it.

Isabel: It's horrible.

Sylvia: Yes—but I sadly fear it's true, Isabel.

George: Of course it's true. Privilege is payed for in the long run. A gentleman can live as badly as he pleases. He must die well, or be damned in this world and the next!

Yam: He who offends against Heaven has none to whom to pray.

Isabel: But have we ALL offended—George, the children!

Yam: Too many women exist now in the world. Three of your children are female. We consider female children of very little account. Many here never grow to maturity.

Isabel: You are a devil!

Yam: (*placidly*) I have only said what is demonstrably true.

George: Won't you sit down General?

Yam: Thank you. (*He sits and smiles at everyone.*)

Sylvia: Well? Proceed.

George: I'm finding it exceptionally difficult to begin.

(*Continued on Page 75*)

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History of School

(*Continued from page 8*)

The broadcasting to the audience of a radio address for the occasion by A. H. Hall, deputy minister of education, was a unique feature, as radio was, at that date, comparatively in its infancy. The I.O.D.E., through Mrs. P. E. C. Ecob, Mrs. J. H. Holmes and others, presented the first Senior Pin to Grace Gunning, the elected choice of the school.

In the afternoon, throngs of citizens visited the new building and were directed to various rooms by committees of students. Greetings were conveyed by Col. the Hon. J. A. Cross, D.S.O., then Attorney General of the Province and now chairman of the Board of Transport Commission for Canada. Greetings from the University were brought by the President, Dr. W. C. Murray and from the city by the Mayor, Howard McConnell, K.C. The eloquent old-timer Gerald Willoughby announced the donation of his medal for oratory.

The evening featured an address by Dr. George M. Weir, principal of the Normal School; a semi-humorous talk by Harris Turner, M.L.A., and greetings from A. W. Cameron, B.A., newly appointed principal in the old S.C.I. which was from that time designated as Nutana.

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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Diner: Don't tell me your troubles. Give me chicken pie.

DEFINITIONS

Sandwich spread is what some people get from eating between meals.

Marriage is love parsonified.

An income is something you can't live without, or within.

Before marriage a man *yearns* for a woman. After marriage the "y" is silent.

He: Please!
She: No!
He: Oh, just once!
She: No!
He: Oh please, Ma; all the other kids are going barefoot.

Husband: She has a very magnetic personality.

Wife (acidly): She should have. Every stitch she has on is charged.

Suzy: Oh, Jimmie, you're so slow!
Jimmy: I'm afraid I don't grasp you.
Suzy: That's just the trouble!

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History of the School

(Continued from page 70)

As the years flew by, the school developed a name of which the students were proud. Since the early years Bedford Road has been the mother of two other schools. In 1928 City Park was opened and again in 1931 when the Technical Collegiate Institute came into being.

The general depression following the year 1929 made inroads into the many activities of the school and a policy of economy was adopted. The school magazine, "The Lantern," formed recently after the school opened had to be reduce in size and later withdraw from publication. In its place three years after a mimeographed publication was produced within the school. Athletics, however, was not neglected and in spite of various handicaps Bedford Road captured a fair share of trophies on the track, the field and in the gymnasium, while all academic standards were maintained at a high level of attainment.

On June 30, 1939, Mr. Speers, Bedford's highly respected and efficient teacher retired from active service in educational work. His imprint during the early days of Bedford Road is indelibly stamped on the successful careers of many of the students of those days.

On the retirement of Mr. Speers, James R. MacKay became principal.

A man of wide experience and splendid qualities of leadership, he lead the school through the difficult adjustment of the war years, and continues to provide guidance not only to the school but also to the community.

The year 1939 brought with it the dark clouds of war. June of the year saw 90 of the Bedford Road students and graduates enrolled in His Majesty's Services. Later five members of the staff were given leave of absence to enter the war services. At the end of the war in 1945, 536 names were counted on the O.H.M.S. list. While on the roll of honor records were the names of 53 Bedford students who had made the supreme sacrifice.

During the time when the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan was brought into operation the High School Board acceded to a request for the use of the school building for instructional purposes for No. 7 Initial Training School. It was then arranged with the Public School Board for the use of Westmount Public School for the Collegiate students. Accordingly all Bedford equipment was transferred to Westmount school and with very little delay or interruption classes were continued in the new environment.

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Westmount School as a building was not equipped with the gymnasium and laboratory facilities required for Secondary Training. Immediately action was taken for the construction of a suitable gymnasium, electrical and other changes were effected in the main building for laboratory and office work. It was unfortunate that the gymnasium constructed in such an emergency was not built to allow it to be moved to the Bedford Road campus.

The school was administered and functioned efficiently at Westmount. It was at this time the House system was introduced to the students. In July and August of 1944 all the equipment was returned to the familiar rooms of Bedford Road.

Bedford then began organizing Air Cadet Squadron No. 114 and later Army and Navy Cadets were organized. The girls, too, assumed their responsibilities in patriotic endeavor by forming a cadet corps of their own.

Provision had to be made for the re-introduction of instruction in manual training, and in September, 1944, Bedford welcomed 500 or more students and a staff of 23. Later, more improvements were made around the school such as the installation of more modern equipment in the cooking room.

This year, 1948, following 25 years of service to Saskatoon and to Canada, students to the number of nearly 600, and a staff of 26, re-dedicated themselves to continue to uphold the principles and tions of those who have passed through these halls, and who have made the name of Bedford Road Collegiate Institute.

HIS POSITION

A man who had been arrested on suspicion was appearing before the magistrate.

"What were you doing when the policeman came?" asked the judge.

"Waiting, sir," replied the prisoner.

"What were you waiting for?"

"For money."

"Who was to give you the money?"

"The man I had been waiting for."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"For waiting."

"Enough of this tomfoolery," snapped the angry judge. "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a waiter, sir," replied the innocent man.

THIS DOES IT

The bartender waited for the two drunks at the bar to give their order, then looked down at their pal who had fallen in the middle of the floor and made no effort to rise. "What'll he have?" he asked.

"Nothing, bub," answered one of them, "he's driving."

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The School Mag.

(Continued from page 8)

Will we make the "deadline," that our publisher (there is that wonderful word again) has given us.

Well as you can see we have met it and it is our hope that you are glad we did. We have tried to make it as the program of a human drama in which you are players. We hope that you will thumb through it often in the days to come and that it will help to recall memories as nothing else will.

This year's book has incorporated a few new ideas which we hope will meet with your approval. In past years, the book has been printed in the ordinary way of a newspaper with all photos first being sent down East to be engraved and then sent back to be set up and run off. This year both the printing and photographing has been lithographed. That is the pictures and print are all placed on the same sheet, photographed and then run off from the negative. This new system has saved us quite a sum on money and has also given us more variety in arranging the book.

Another section not in this year is the form flashes for all grades but the 4th Year. It was done so as to make room for the material we wished to put in concerning the 25th Anniversary and if it does not meet with the disapproval of the student will probably be tried again. It is our earnest conviction that you will let us know your feelings about these matters.

Well, our work is done now for another year, a year that is for many of us the last. To those of you who intend to work on "The Lantern" in future years we send the best of luck. We are sure that it will be a pleasant experience that you will never forget and will find invaluable in the years to come. We of this year's staff have but one parting wish, that this book measures up to your every desire and in the life to come will prove to you a very dear friend and companion.

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Bravery Counts

(*Continued from page 69*)

Yam: When a man is in difficulties can he be other than slow in speaking? To speak is easy. To act is difficult.

Isabel: You'll probably despise me for it . . . I know you will Sylvia . . . but I can't help it. Is it useless to appeal to your mercy?

Yam: Entirely. I must think of myself first and my companions. You are, if I may say, no other than barbarians. The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and grass. When wind blows across the grass, it must bend. (*A pause. Isabel sobs once.*)

Sylvia: Don't you think we should get down to brass tacks, George?

George: I suppose so.

Sylvia: You don't sound very enthusiastic.

George: How can you expect me to? To contemplate the results is horrible. I'm first on the list to die.

Isabel: George!

Sylvia: That's crazy! You're the most important of all: the smartest. You've got your real life ahead of you. You're too intelligent, George to begin to talk of women and children first. In this sort of situation that's just out! Besides, think of the children. I'm assuring you'll take care of Jane for me. A father can do more for them than a mother in my opinion.

Sylvia: Let's leave the children out a minute. I always leave the most difficult questions till the last in my exam at school when I went. So did you Isabel.

Isabel: Yes—how did you know?

Sylvia: I cheated from you a good bit! I'll admit it now.

Isabel: Did you? I always wondered.

Sylvia: Now you know! But to get back to the grind. You almost convinced me but why would anybody know the circumstances? Isabel would back up any story you told. And I . . .

George: Well, suppose I was hard enough to accept that one—what about you?

Sylvia: I should be dead.

Isabel: You!

Sylvia: Why not? My husband is dead. The only man I've ever cared for is—someone else's. (*looks straight at George.*)

George: Sylvia!

Sylvia: Yes, my dear—you. We're being frank—we must be, with one foot already in the grave. I've loved you ever since I came to live with Isabel. But you're not mine. You never could be. My life—my real life—is finished. I had the idea of dying. But I've nothing to live for except Jane. And if I know anything of mothers with only a daughter, I shall probably spoil her. Yes—you can't defeat this.

Isabel: George can't. But I can.

Sylvia: You, Isabel. How?

Isabel: Because your the sort of woman he should have married and you loved him. Your not silly, cowardly and unhelpful. I've never helped him. I've always been a drag.

George: No my dear, I . . .

Isabel: Oh yes, I have. However, you've been very sweet to me, George. You've been in love with me. We're middle aged now. As the theory seems to go—does love matter any more?

George: (*simply*) I think so.

Sylvia: Isabel, you're simply finding excuses of unreasonable self-sacrifice.

Isabel: (*passionately*) I'm not! I'm only remembering that whatever happens to us three at least

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one of my children will have to die! Do you think I'd let any of them go into the dark alone? I'd rather die a thousand times than have that memory in my heart. (*They look helplessly at one another. Yam smiles politely and nods.*)

George: I can't argue that, any more than I can Sylvia's solution of my problem. Isabel, would you find it harder if we died together?

Isabel: I've always hoped that's the way it would be, George. I don't want to live without you.

George: And Sylvia could take the children . . .

Sylvia: Which of them? Is that so easy for you? I won't live at the price of Jane's life. If I live, she lives too. Only three of us can live in all. Which of your three do you leave to me? Which are condemned to join in this glorious slaughter? Jerry is ten. Angela five. June four. Jerry is a boy—(*sarcastically*) the General would choose him. Or are you going to adopt this idea of girl babies being too abundant?

George: Sylvia! Don't be so bitter! It's hard enough, God knows. Let's not make it harder for each other.

Sylvia: Aren't you making it harder for me? Aren't you driving one into a corner? You two are drunk with self-sacrifice. You shan't decide under that influence. It's crazy!

Yam: For a man to sacrifice to a spirit that does not belong to him is self-indulgence.

Sylvia: For once I agree with you, General.

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Yam: I am honored.

(*George rises, walks to the window, turns*)

George: The thing that strikes me as most remarkable in this affair is the persistence of selfishness. Here we all are, death at our elbows—and we still fight on for our life. Sylvia is angry at our self-sacrifice but honestly you're angry because we're emotional. To be truthful though I'd sooner be appearing selfish and die than to try and live down the reputation. Isabel would sooner go than see Jerry, Angela or June die. Just the same as you feel about Jane. We can't forget ourselves—the children are part.

Yam: You analyze with exactitude! The Master has said "While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people do to me?"

George: If we were divine we could choose. But we're human, and weak, and ordinary. One fact blurs our mind—the seven of us, so nearly and dearly bound together by every sort of human tie—and four of us bound to die within the hour.

Yam: I regret that it is true.

Isabel: (*to Yam*) Give us a little more time—won't you? We're still half dazed with the shock. I can't reason coolly and collectly, even if I dared to. George, the authorities would pay if you insisted. General, let my husband do that. He can go to try and arrange the ransom to be paid.

Yam: I would gladly take his word. But it is useless.

Isabel: Useless?

Yam: Yes, your husband would not go.

Isabel: George!

George: He's right.

*Isabel*s Why?

Sylvia: (*irritably*) Don't be stupid, Isabel. By now, we ought to know well enough that your husband is old fashioned. He won't buy his life at the expense of his reputation, and he won't buy ours at the expense of the Government he has served.

Isabel: Doesn't he deserve that they should pay? He's given the service best years of his life.

George: Can't you see, I'd be condemning other people to the same fate? Once let it be known that a bandit has been bought off on my account—forgive me, eGneral—and kidnapping will become

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the staple industry of any band who can raise a dozen rifles! It's out of the question.

Isabel: Even if I—ask you for the sake of the children?

Sylvia: That's not fair, Isabel!

Isabel: Fair! George . . .

George: Even then, I'm afraid. (*a pause*)

Sylvia: *So it's a deadlock.* (*a pause*)

Isabel: (*rising, wildly*) Kill us all, General, and have it done with. Murder us all!

Yam: I find the unnessary most distasteful.

George: That is a point where I can speak for all. My wife is naturally—upset. But feelings are apt to be closer to reality than reason in circumstances of such a kind. I will not survive if the others are to die. Neither of the women will face life at the expense of their children. If we three die, we can't condemn Mrs. Steele's child against her will, therefore it would be one of my three children to die. We can't make such a choice. I refuse point blank. So we all shall be murdered together and trust in God.

Sylvia: (*moving towards him*) You're right—George.

Isabel: Yes. I agree.

Yam: I am to accept this as your final decision?

George: (*firmly*) Yes.

Yam: Will you listen to me a few moments?

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George: We are in your hands. But I think we would be grateful if you'd allow us to be alone for a little of the time we have left.

Yam: This will not take long, last year I received an invitation to Geneva. It was the sixty-sixth—or maybe the sixty-seventh—meeting of the International Conference on Disarmament. It appeared that my reputation as a bandit—there was no need Sir George, to apologize for the use of the word—had become widespread so that I was invited as a representative of the bandit population of Japan. It is also true that we possess the best arms in Japan, and to deprive us of them was one of the

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main items on the agenda of the Conference. While in Switzerland I met a South American who was called a "dago" by one of the Anglo-Saxon representatives. He spoke of the Anglo-Saxons as "barbarians." As you know, we in Japan are apt to make use of the same term. I was interested in Anglo-Saxon history at school. So I pointed out to my South American companion that, while the Anglo-Saxons are barbarous and without culture, yet they possess their own virtues—and notably physical courage. This he denied. The conversation ended. But on my return to Japan it seemed to me that to test the matter would not be without much interest.

Sylvia: Test! You mean . . .

Yam: I am determined to secure the persons of several barbarians and face them with the imminence of sudden death. If they showed cowardice, I would kill them. If they fulfilled my contention that only in physical courage is their civilization superior to ours, I would set them free.

Isabel: Free! Oh, George . . .

Yam: You shall be escorted to the Chinese pickets under a flag of truce within an hour. I am intimately grateful for your co-operation in my experiment of the cultural virtues of barbarians. I apologize for any inconvenience. As the Master said "The wise find delight in water. The virtuous find delight in hills." I have the honor to wish you the happiness of a safe journey home.

(He salutes ceremoniously, turns and goes out. Isabel hurries into the inner room. Sylvia and George are left staring at each other.... Then she turns away to the window, smiling.)

CURTAIN.

Bill: Have you seen one of those new instruments that can tell when a man is lying?

Hank: Seen one? I married one!

Mother: What do you want to take your cod liver oil with this morning, James?"

Jimmy (aged nine): With a fork.

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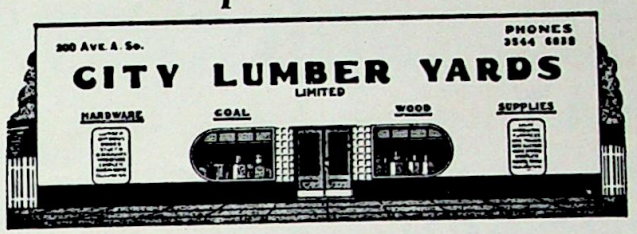

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Inspiration ?... I Wonder

(Continued from page 13)

headache had passed and the sheet of mysterious heiroglyphics had helped to provide warmth for the house in the chill winter's days. I was again prepared to struggle with pen, ink and paper to provide something for the Lantern.

March 26, 1940—Dear Diary: For three days now I have been upon the grind. In vain have I examined every conceivable source for elusive inspiration. I have pursued my thoughts from beginning to end and visa versa, but to no avail. The only shock I received was that it took such a short time. I have reached the point where I doubt my own sanity.

But I must forge on. Whatever the consequences the inspiration theory must be given fair trail.

You have here a page from my diary. How I felt in the midst of my searchings you can easily see. Had I only before me the miserable monteback who mocked me with that misguiding messabe! Such things would I do to him! I can even now hear the soothing sound of his yelps as I plucked the hairs from his head one by one, or warmed his toes with a white hot iron. Oh, such delightful meditations.

"Ouch." Something hit me. "What the deuce do you think you're—say, what a peculiar thought has entered my mind. Something is beginning to form, it is—no, of course not,—why that's impossible, it just doesn't happen that way. And yet, I believe I must offer my apologies to him whom I have been belittleing. It is just within the realm of possibility that this very article is—I wonder!

Father: Say, young man, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay all night?

Young Man: Gosh, I'll have to call Mother first.

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Twilight Time

(*Continued from page* 13)

man, who lives in the moon, had to laugh at their hustling figures darting here and there, busy with their task.

As soon as the star sprites had completed their work they returned home to watch the effect on the forest folk.

Soon, cautiously at first and then a little more confidently, came the fairies away from their homes. There were the ladies of the queen's court, Narcissus, Crocus and Tulip; the wood nymphs, Ash, Elm, and Maple; the soldiers of the kingdom, the Oaks and the official royal guard of Poplars.

Then when they were assembled in the fairy ring, Queen Daffodil entered followed by all the Elves and Pixies of her kingdom.

Once more the wind played its wistful magical melody and once more the Ppplar sang her silvery, haunting strain surrounded by the choir of singing stars and accompanied by the rythmic beat of the brook as it stumbled over a little waterfall in its search for its River of Dreams.

Then did the fairies dance and weave their magical spell over the forest. As I watched these dainty creatures it seemed as though a soft blue mist seemed to fall over the earth which excluded all humans from the mystic proceedings of the fairy world.

The moon shone softly, sending little moon-beams on bright journies to and frim the earth. The little star smiled sleepily over the world. The wind went to sleep on the bank of the brook. The green poplars stood guard over the roadall fairy land slept peacefully.

Gradually, I awoke from my reverie. I started once more on my way home. Somehow I felt an inward happiness and a strange tranquillity which never before had possessed me. I knew that I hadn't just imagined my presence in that land of dreams . . . I had seen what I had dreamnt of since my childhood . . . fairyland at twilight time.

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Passer-by: "Do you go to Bedford?"
Student: "No, a horse stepped on my face."

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"Father, will you give me ten cents for a poor man who is outside crying?"

"Yes, son, here it is. What is he crying about?"

"He's crying, 'Fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a bag."

Uncle Rastus carefully spelled out the inscription on a tombstone: "Not dead but sleeping." He chuckled and remarked to his wife: "Dat colored boy ain't foolin' nobody but himself."

Teacher: "Name a time-saver."
Del D.: "Love at first sight."

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SKIING

The seasonal skier is aware
Of limitations here and there,
But I, a novice on the slope,
Thought all I needed was faith and hope!

I get my feet and arms in place,
But then my legs begin to race;
The right goes left, the left goes right,
My face must register my plight.

I skim the slope at sixty per,
Somehow I don't feel half as sure!
I lose my poles and balance, too,
And begin to soar into the blue.

Minutes later, down I fly!
(Two crutches flash before my eye).
Ouch! It was a nasty spill,
I'm buried, but I'm living still.

While they dig me up from under the snow,
I vow that skiing I'll never go!

—Margaret Lindross, 4C.

Teacher: Where is the capitol of the United States?
Johnny: In loans all over the world.

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Pioneer Influence

(*Continued from page 9*)

By November the Barr Colony had a good foothold in the wilderness or thought it had. These people had never had to reckon with intense cold, and therefore they knew not what it was. To them, winter was only a word that meant snow, sleigh-bells and ice. By February of 1904 their minds had changed radically. Old Man Winter lashed them in all his fury as if he resented their resistance. Truly, it was only stubborn resistance that maintained the Barr Colony in Western Canada. At times, provisions were scarce, comfortable clothing was lacking, and no facility was available for sick people. Influenza struck them, and their numbers were diminished by approximately two score and ten. This sickness was chiefly due to improper housing conditions. Immigration officials had told them how to prepare for winter; however, this group was found to be a little difficult to handle. The Englishman always is. He absolutely refuses to do as he is told, simply because he is told. As a general rule, other nationalities, upon entering a new land, are only too glad to receive advice and are very grateful for guidance. The over-confident Englishman is inclined to know it all from the start; therefore, Mother Nature took up the task of training the newcomers.

Rev. I. M. Barr, the man who conceived the idea of the colony, forsook his own just at the moment when he was most needed. Mr. Barr owned a tremendous number of tents, blankets, etc. that were surplus goods from the Boer War. These he promised to put at the disposal of the colony, which he did for a fee. This man had a healthy instinct for taking care of "number one." He assured his followers of a hospital, nurses and a doctor; these promises he never kept. The man was an addict to a certain type of refreshments, and many people believe that there is some connection between Mr. Barr's vice and his partial failure as the leader of the colony.

But was he a failure? I don't believe he was. I think that he laid Saskatchewan and Alberta under an obligation for all time. The name of Mr. Barr has always rested under a cloud of misapprehension in the public mind. I believe that it is time for this cloud to be rolled away—for although he can be severely and deservedly criticised, still the man merits a lot of praise in that he was the originator of this adventure in colonization.

Upon Mr. Barr's forced departure, Mr. Lloyd, after whom Lloydminster is justly named, became the leader of the colony. This man, who became principal of Emmanuel College, and later Bishop of Saskatchewan, was of high character and strong will, and his influence was wholly for good. Mr.

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Lloyd passed away only a few years ago, and his loss was deeply mourned throughout Western Canada by thousands of people who knew him for the man that he was.

Much more could be said about the great colony of Britannia, as it was called. It stands out as an example of what tenacity and endurance can achieve in the face of inexperience and other difficulties. The confidence which refused to let go has done much towards placing Western Canada where it stands today. Although many races settled here, and although their customs and habits varied widely, the ultimate aim was the same in all cases —a thriving, prosperous and friendly Saskatchewan.

Once again, let us examine our surroundings. As we do so, let us bear in mind that it was only forty-five or fifty years ago that westward expansion really got under way in Western Canada. We seem to take for granted such things as our great agricultural industry, automobiles, trains, power machinery, comfortable homes with electricity and water systems, universities and hospitals. When we compare our many conveniences with those of the early settlers, we cannot help being thankful for such forerunners. They established the beachhead in the new world, and in so doing they offered us a challenge—a challenge to carry the torch, to blaze new trails, and to open up new frontiers.

Are we, the generation of today, capable of meeting this challenge? If we face our task with as much courage and will to win as the pioneers of yore, we cannot fail.

To the few pioneers still alive I say "Well done," and to those who have blazed their final trail I say, "Rest well, you have earned it."

In a crowded railway coach a little urchin sat beside a haughty, fashionably dressed woman. The little boy was sniffling annoyingly. Finally the woman turned to the boy:

"Have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

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One day in school, a student told the story of Paris and the Golden Apples.

The teacher: "What apple in Bible stories is famous?"

"Adam's Apple," was the quick reply.

Jim: "It was easy to tell that the entertainer was English. He didn't sound his 'h's' when he sang."

Meryl: "That shows how little you know about music. The scale doesn't run above 'G'."

Horace: How can I cure my wife of snoring?

John: Easy. By good advice, co-operation, kindness, and by stuffing an old sack in her mouth.

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The Monster of the Track

Have you seen the great monster of the track
Heaving and puffing smoke o'er its back
And carrying people to countries afar
Where people have skin the colour of tar?

Have you seen the great monster of the track
As it whistles and toots past the lumberjack's shack?
Its wheels are spinning and singing its song;
Through snow and through sleet it rolls right along.

Have you seen the great monster of the track?
He's really a friend if you'll just get his knack.
He's carried great men such as Lincoln and Grant
Through places where horses would shiver and pant.

Have you seen the great monster of the track
As he whizzes along toned in silver and black,
Eating up coal that has bent many a back?
To keep safe your journey, choose the monster of the track.

—Bud Dawson.

The Lost Chord

(*Continued from Page* 18)

The servant was just going quietly to leave the solemn presence when he saw a white paper on the piano. Picking it up, he noticed it was music written in the hand of his master. Hastily scanning the pages, he knew that it was a masterpiece, and turned back to find the name of the composition. It was at the top of the first page, and when he saw it, the servant's face softened. It was called: "The Lost Chord!"

The hotel manager walked up to the new guest in the lobby.

"Your room is ready now," he said, "but, because of the shortage of help, you will have to make your own bed."

Guest: "Oh, I don't mind making my own bed."

Hotel Manager: "That's fine. Here's a hammer and saw."

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That a really smart man is one who has never let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.

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Teacher: "I should think that's quite far enough."

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Nick Patola: "What is the date, please?"

Mr. MacDonald: "Never mind the date, the examination is more important."

Nick: "Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper."

"Well, your car surely does run smoothly," gushed the high school girl on her first date.

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ABOUT TIME, AT THAT!

The crystal gazer was addressing one of his clients: "You will be poor and unhappy until you are forty."

Client: "And after that?"

C.G.: You'll get used to it."

He who laughs last sits behind a tall, fat man at the movies.

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A pedestrian is a man who has a wife, two sons, a daughter and a car.

Police Officer: "Who was driving when you hit the other car?"

Student (impatiently): "None of us was. We were all in the back seat."

Hilton McIntosh: "So you make up these jokes yourself?"

Joke Editor: "Yep, out of my head."

Hilton: "You must be!"

Overheard in the corridor: "She can't dance so well, but gosh! how she can intermission!"

Bob Svoboda (driving as usual): "That's an attractive village we're coming to, wasn't it?"

Bride: I don't want any more flour like you sold me last week.

Grocer: What was the matter?

Bride: It was so tough, my husband couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it!

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If love makes the world go round, then, kids, your universe is really spinning. So hang on to your hats and hop on the merry-go-round and we'll find out who Mary did go round with.

It's really strange how two people can put up with each other as long as some of our school two-somes have. Take Betty Holfeld and her steady of long standing, Bill Hunter. Now, there is a couple that go on and on and on. Running in a couple of close seconds are Shirl Comstock and Les Edwards, and coming in for a photo finish are Ted "Adagio" Dawson and Audrey "Ballerina" Dickson. As you all know, Stan Riddell has been footloose and fancy free all year, but he seems to have had his share of the fun with the local Daisy Maes, but as this expose goes to press, he is all out for pretty Anne Kitely who hails from the Maroon and Gold brain box. While we're on the subject of steady couples, here is one that is really all there—our Senior Pin, Helen, and her one-and-only Rab Hall . . . For a while I didn't think that Don Burgess and Kitty Carmichael would ever strike it right together but, as I always say, the course of true love never did run smooth. Personally, I've yet to see one that *has* run smooth, true or otherwise . . . Now here comes a really local confusion: reviewing the year's romances and tears, I see that Reg Brown and Audrey McKenzie were right in there pitchin', then after parting there came a quick succession of Jerry Muzyka, Brian Little, Clair Wilson, Herb Sparrow and Bill Richwa (not necessarily in that order). It seems that at the moment she is still braving the field and still having fun . . . Getting back to Brian, he and "Pussy" of 12 Baldwin went on the gay rounds of hearts and flowers, but I think that's all over too . . . Then Anne Hesford seems to have entered the picture briefly with Jerry and Clair . . . while Reg (our "star" hero) can't seem to make up his mind . . . But, heavens, this could go on all night, and usually does . . . The junior edition of the Hunter tribe, namely Betty, seems to have had quite a time this term, also, but Lorne Lake was the most prominent of all . . . Dave Gordon has found his heart's content—her initials are Delores Olson . . . When I think of the first years, I could tear out all my hair. Who said they were so shy and backward. Wow! At the first of the year they had Aunty Snoopie in a slight daze for days and days. Cute Billy Neil, Greg Barnsley, "Ollie" Olstad and Jack Smith were on the masculine end of a series of quick romances, while Corinne Logan, Cora Rutledge and Betty Rutledge were holding up the feminine side . . . Another romance for the books is that between Del Davies and Noreen Mills, while our "Freckles" of the year, Gerry Clackson, has been seen constantly with Sheila McRuvie . . . Little Emma Lungal seems to have taken up quite a bit of various Bedford boys' time, namely Chet Overguard, and quite a few others, such as Pete Sikorski, Dave Millar and Don Webb . . . That Peter-boy is quite the dashing actor around school, and boy, does he ever know his lines (and so do quite a few girls, by now), but he undoubtedly will succeed as he is quite convincing . . . One of our handsome newcomers, Stan Harbin, is still looking for the Lost Chord—I mean the dream girl. He took a little fling with Erma Pfeifer and also Jean Mackay. Much to the disappointment of all the Bedford wimmin, Pat "Dreamboat" Noonan didn't even take a tumble towards our local line of talent, while many a girl was eating her heart out for him. Oh, well, he'll probably marry a basketball, anyway, so make with the game, girls, and start dribbling. It seems to me that Elaine Van Veen and her ex-grad, Gordie McFarlane, have been together for quite some time, too . . . People are so hard to keep track of . . . Another big love in the lives of two of our scholars was that of Leila Knight and Clayton "Waskesiu" Swalwell, but I think that is over now, too. Well, that's life, kids, that's life . . . Betty Steel has been playing post office with a certain fellow in B.C. Uh, when did you say he was heading this way, Betty? Move over, keed, and let's have a gander . . . Sid Sears hasn't had much luck with the ladies this year, but I could mention the names of a few girls that like him—but I value my life more than that. But never say die, Sid. One small fry that, in my estimation, will never settle down with one girl for two minutes straight is Ron "Precious" Hodges, but our pint-sized Fred Astaire is forgiven because what girl would want to settle down with him anyway? Ha! Ha! . . . Wilf Taylor has left the halls of Bedford and Bernice Beatty to seek his fortune on yonder waters; in other words, he went to sea, but there's not much to look at . . . This being Leap Year, a lotta girls have had their eyes glued on Garry Doyle, but he won't tumble in anyone's direction . . . I happen to know that Tom Hodges had to look at Jackie Armstrong only once and has been a goner ever since. Oh, to be a redhead . . . Speaking of redheads, there is one that has been "going steddy" with a blonde for quite some time. But maybe I'm a little dense, 'cause they're both of the female sex. However, when it's all added up, the total comes out to a square with Betty Holfeld and Shirl Comstock holding down all four corners . . . Speaking of blondes, the blondest one in the school, namely Margaret Lindross, has had quite a year also, but latest reports indicate that Wally Stanbuck has her heart, while kid sis Florence let Ed Sebastyn watch hers for a while. By the way, Florence, what island *did* he find you on? . . . Changing the topic from boys and girls to music, the dreamiest selection of the year was "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," but now the kids are drooling, dreaming and waltzing to "Pianissimo" . . . Lloyd Ramsey and his Blampied twim seem to have broken all records, for Lloyd, that is. Well, that's really swell, kids, as long as you pick up the pieces. Must be tidy, you know! A romance left over from last year, that of Bill Campbell and Mary Appleton, hit the rocks, and since then Jack Covey, and now Norm Henick took the spotlight. At the beginning of the year, Les Logan and Nick Patola were the cutest couple going, but someone threw a monkeywrench into the gears, because they drifted apart; but a slight change of wind, or should I say say heart, made them the favorite couple of the school once more . . . They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder; well, you have to go away to be appreciated, is all I can say.

At least now we realize what a swell fellow Dale Ellefson was and wish we hadn't lost him to Vancouver: but then I bet Jenny Brault wishes that too . . . The "Best" eyelashes in fourth year belong to Hughie of Baldwin, but I wish he would give us a scoop and flutter them in some girl's direction, 'cause if that boy has any romances, you never quite seem to hear about them. The closest I got to knowing anything was a cute miss from North Battleford, but "Give me time," Hugh yells, "give me time!" "Butch" Buchanan wouldn't need to look far if she wanted to cry on anyone's shoulder, 'cause Aunty Snoop (being on the inside track, but running in the wrong direction) knows that there are more than a couple of fellas who said they wouldn't mind letting her put those blond curls on their shoulders and weeping to her heart's content—and maybe theirs, too . . . Elmore to Elmer, that was quick thinking, Mary. You didn't want to change your name anyway. Besides, maybe you can't spell Benoit . . . Lorne Glauser is quite the boy to keep track of—he really has had no important romances, but I don't think you could say he had a dull time, by any means; in that category also comes Don Webb, I can't seem to pin him down to one girl in particular, but maybe it's more fun that way. Back in the past (about a couple of months ago) I noticed that Calvin Mills had his eye upon City Park for his after-school entertainment, but I don't know how the situation stands now . . . I often wondered why Lyn Blanchard started wearing glasses about the time she was going with Alan Scharf—maybe his papa is an eye doctor . . . Glenna Headley and Ed Hayes seem to get along just fine and to make up a foursome we have Glen Boughton and Lois Bevan . . . and also at the moment Carol Lund and Al Downie are enjoying each other's company.

Right about now, this rollicking trip on love's merry-go-round has rolled to a stop. I hope I covered all the whirling affairs and spinning romances, but, till the next trip, don't get taken for too many rides or you'll end up on display in next year's *Tattler*. And so the love life of Bedford for another year draws softly to a stop and music fades and dies on the wind of time.

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S. LEPINE,
Principal

Autographs

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

"The BAY" extends hearty congratulations to each of you, and invites you to continue the pleasant associations we have enjoyed so much.

Tommy (after a moment's pause): "We leave them on the side of our plate, teacher."

* * *

Mr. MacKay: "Didn't you have a brother taking this course last year?"

Student: "No, sir; it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Mr. MacKay: "Extraordinary resemblance, though, extraordinary."

* * *

The first day of school, Joyce Cranston, a freshman, overheard herself referred to as a child. She remarked indignantly, "I'm not a child. I'm a human being!"

He: "Do you like simple things?"
She: "Is this a proposal?"

"What's your cat's name, little boy?"
"Ben Hur."
"Odd name for a cat."
"Well, we just called him Ben until he had kittens."

* * *

As the boy and his girl left the movies, the girl said: "It's marvellous what progress the films have made in just the last few years."

"Yes," her escort agreed, "first they moved, then they talked, and now this one smells."

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